



THE SPIRIT SPECIAL

BY WILL EISNER
A WARREN MAGAZINE





OUR COVER
Gorgeous women. Incurable criminals. Bold crime fighters. This is **THE SPIRIT**. Will Eisner's famous creation. Featured in ten special stories. In exciting full-color!

Publisher
JAMES WARREN

Editor-In-Chief
WILL EISNER

Editor
W.B. DuBAY

Production Manager
W.R. MOHALLEY

Assistant Editor
LOUISE JONES

Advertising Production
SHERRY BERNE

Cover
WILL EISNER

Interior Color
MICHELLE BRAND
RICH CORBEN
BILL DuBAY

**Created, Written
& Illustrated By**
WILL EISNER

THE SPIRIT SPECIAL. PUBLISHED BY WARREN PUBLISHING CO. EDITORIAL SUBSCRIPTION AND BUSINESS OFFICES AT 145 EAST 32nd STREET, N.Y. 10016. TELEPHONE: (212) 683-6050.

ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1974, 1975 BY WILL EISNER. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD UNDER THE UNIVERSAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS, THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTION, AND THE PAN AMERICAN COPYRIGHT CONVENTION. THE SPIRIT IS REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE. MARCA REGISTRADA. MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER.

PUBLISHED BY EXCLUSIVE ARRANGEMENT WITH WARREN PUBLISHING CO. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

THE SPIRIT SPECIAL

CONTENTS

EL SPIRITO Rainy nights sometimes herald strange happenings. But this is the first time **THE SPIRIT** has followed a ghost. Straight to the wraith's own watery grave!

PARAFFIN Paraffin's invisibility formula was worthless. Everybody knew it. Until the day his wife disappeared. Vanished from her cell in the state mental institution!

ELEVATOR Ebony is trapped. Stuck in an elevator with three tough hoods. Nothing can save him now. Except his own wits... or perhaps a disguised elevator operator!

THE DEADLY COMIC BOOK A curious music teacher steals a student's comic book. And becomes the victim in a relentless and deadly campaign of revenge!

GLOB The plight of the artist is difficult. Especially when he's been trapped in a dark cave for many centuries. Meet Glob, a neanderthal with the soul of a Rembrandt!

YOUNG DR. EBONY Will Eisner's on vacation? Alonzo Hack, soap opera writer, takes over **THE SPIRIT**? Ebony begins a medical career? Who will assist **THE SPIRIT**?

ASSIGNMENT: PARIS Our P'Gell... back in Paris? The Frenchmen were ecstatic! What could have brought her back? A manhunt, of course. She's offered as bait!

THE SPACE SNIPER They shot off a rocket. Carried the war into outer space. Years later the rocket ship returned. Landed. But who was the deadly being?

BUCKET O' BLOOD Cooler was leading a charmed life. Nothing could touch him. Not even **THE SPIRIT**. He had stolen a magic idol that made him indestructible!

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT What does Santa look like? A war orphan named Joy knows. Santa gave him a great Christmas. With some help from **THE SPIRIT**

el **Spirito** **(THE SPIRIT)** BY **Will Eisner**



the days of Spain's greatness, there sailed from the port of Sijon a soldier of chance, one Capitán el Muerto, in search of gold. Near the Azores he fell in with el lobo, and their galleons sailed westward to Sargossa. There they parted company, el Muerto heading South.

El lobo perished in the slime of Sargossa...and the remains of el Muerto's ship were washed ashore in Puerto Diablo 100 years later...

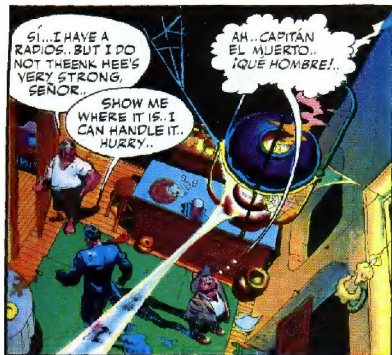


BUT JUAN...
WHERE DEED HE,
DIE, THEES CAPITAN
EL MUERTO?

IT IS SAID HE
LANDED ON MONTABALDO,
WHEECH AS WE KNOW
IS A SONKEN ISLE,
200 MILES
FROM PUERTO DIABLO.

INNKEEPER...MY
PLANE CRASHED...
I'M THE ONLY
SURVIVOR...COUGH
DO YOU HAVE A
WIRELESS TO THE
MAINLAND?





SI... I HAVE A
RADIOS... BUT I DO
NOT THEENK HEE'S
VERY STRONG,
SEÑOR.

SHOW ME
WHERE IT IS... I
CAN HANDLE IT..
HURRY..

AH... CAPITÁN
EL MUERTO..
¡QUE HOMBRE!..

..NOW, WHAT WERE
YOU SAYING, DON
PABLO?

I WAS
NOT
SAYING! I
WAS THEENK
EL MUERTO
WAS A
DEVIL OF A
FELLOW!

OH, SI... SI... IT IS TOLD HOW HE
FOUND A WEALTHY TRIBE OF
INCAS ON MONTABALDO. HOW
HE MARRIED THE QUEEN, WHO
CHAINED HIM TO HER... SILVER
CHAINS, DON PABLO, SO THAT
HE DOES NOT LEAVE..

AH... EES
THAT NOT
LIKE A
WOMAN?

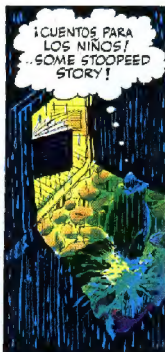


ONE DAY, EL MUERTO
TRIES TO ESCAPE... THE
QUEEN WAKES UP TO
FIND THE CHAINS COTT!
SHE SCREAMS A
CORSE, AND... OYE..
THE ISLE OF MONTABALDO
SEENK LIKE ROCKS...
"EL MUERTO WEEL
GUARD MY ISLE FOR
ETERNITY" SHE
SAID...



WELL,
SEÑOR...
TO
THIS
DAY
HE..

I DO
NOT
BELIEVE
THEES
STOFF!
GOOD NIGHT.

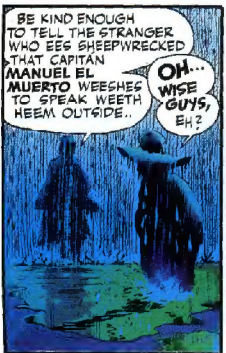


¡CUENTOS PARA
LOS NIÑOS!
...SOME STOOPED
STORY!



PERDÓNAME,
SEÑOR...
WOULD YOU
DO ME A
FAVOR?..

?



BE KIND ENOUGH
TO TELL THE STRANGER
WHO EES SHEEPWRECKED
THAT CAPITAN
MANUEL EL
MUERTO WEECHES
TO SPEAK WEETH
HEEM OUTSIDE..

OH...
WISE
GUYS,
EH?



BELIEVE ME,
I DO NOT
JOKE!

¡MADRE
MIA!

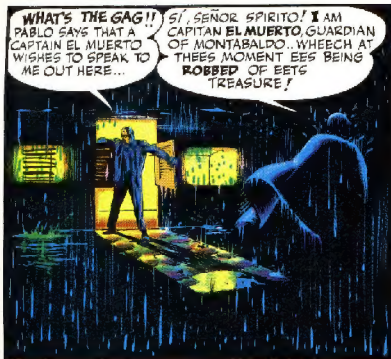


THAT RADIO
IS HOPELESS...
I CAN ONLY HOPE
I GOT THROUGH..
WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
HIM?



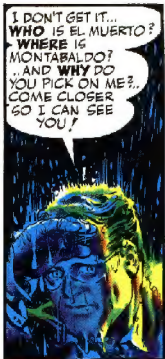
HE'S GONE
CRAZY... SAYS
CAPITAN
EL MUERTO
EES OUTSIDE
TO SPEAK
TO YOU!

HE VISTO
EL CAPITAN
EL MUERTO
ARVERA...
DESEA HABLAR
CON EL
NORTEAMERICANO
...HE VISTO
EL CAPITAN..



WHAT'S THE GAG!!
PABLO SAYS THAT A
CAPTAIN EL MUERTO
WISHES TO SPEAK TO
ME OUT HERE...

SI, SEÑOR SPIRITO! I AM
CAPITAN EL MUERTO, GUARDIAN
OF MONTABALDO..WHEECH AT
THEES MOMENT EES BEING
ROBBED OF EETS
TREASURE!



I DON'T GET IT...
WHO IS EL MUERTO?
WHERE IS
MONTABALDO?
AND WHY DO
YOU PICK ON ME?..
COME CLOSER
SO I CAN SEE
YOU!



YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY
BACK TO NORTH AMERICA
AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL
SORCH FOR A CRIMINAL
KNOWN AS THE OCTOPUS
...EH?

...YES..?



YOU SUSPECTED
HE LANDED ON AN
ISLE, BUT WHEN
YOU GOT THERE
THE ISLE WAS
GONE...

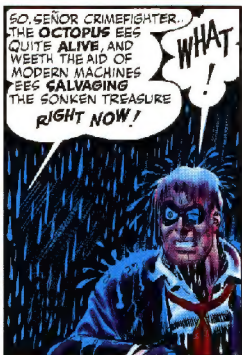
EH?

YES..?



YOU GUESSED CORRECTLY,
FOR THE ISLE WAS
MONTABALDO, AND
EET SONK.. BUT NOT
BEFORE EET WAS
DISCOVERED
THAT EET CONTAINED
UNTOLD RICHES!

SO?



SO, SEÑOR CRIMEFIGHTER...
THE OCTOPUS EES
QUITE ALIVE, AND
WEETH THE AID OF
MODERN MACHINES
EES GALVAGING
THE SONKEN TREASURE
RIGHT NOW!

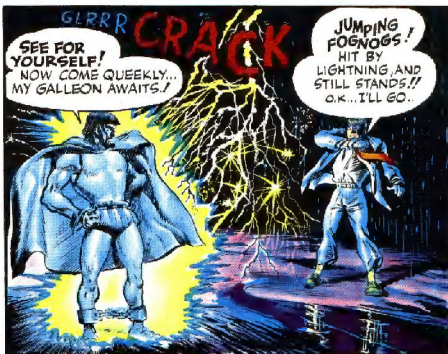


...WELL, I
STILL CAN'T SEE
WHY YOU WANT
MY AID...



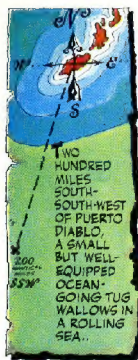
BECAUSE, SEÑOR, I AM QUITE
DEAD, AND, AS YOU SEE, CHAINED!
THE LEGEND ABOUT ME IS QUITE
TRUE... LUCKILY, BECAUSE OF
YOUR PLANE ACCIDENT YOU
ARE AT HAND TO AID ME.

THIS SOUNDS
FIGHTY TO
ME... LOOK,
MISTER
EL MUERTO,
I'M NO TOURIST
TO BE TAKEN IN
BY...



GLRRR
CRACK
SEE FOR
YOURSELF!
NOW COME QUEEKLY...
MY GALLEON AWAITS!

JUMPING
FOGNOGS!
HIT BY
LIGHTNING, AND
STILL STANDS!!
O.K... I'LL GO...



IT RIDES AT ANCHOR WHILE ITS
DONKEY ENGINE PUMPS
AIR THROUGH LIFE LINES
TO A DIVER, WHO THRASHES
SUDDENLY TO THE
SURFACE.



UGH!
CASTANET...
MY LINES ARE
FOULED!
CASTANET!!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, ABOARD THE TUG...



THANKS PUFF PUFF
THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE..
LOOK AT THIS HAUL... 10 POUNDS
OF UNCUT DIAMONDS! OLD
MONTABALDO IS
LIMITLESS.

AH, OCTOPUS,
PERHAPS WE HAVE
EEN OFF NOW...
EES 50 POUNDS
OF JEWELS NOT
PLENTY? WE CAN
COME BACK
AGAIN...



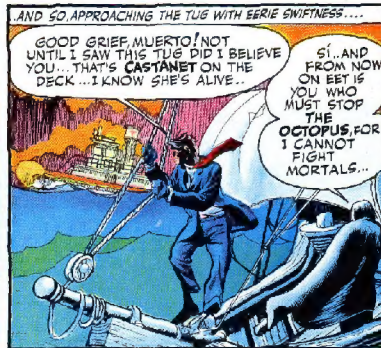
NO... I THINK NOT..
SOMETHING VERY WEIRD
IS CONNECTED WITH THAT
SUNKEN ISLE... EVERY TIME
I GO DOWN, AN ACCIDENT
OCCURS... THIS
TIME I'LL GET
TO THE THRONE
ROOM AND...

LOOK... A
BOAT!
I DID NOT SEE
IT CREEPING UP
ON US!



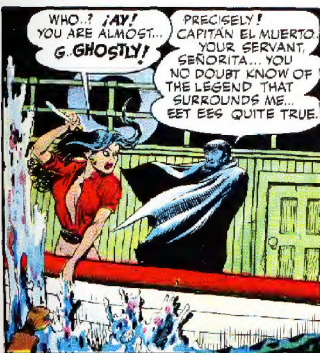
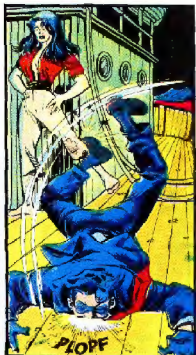
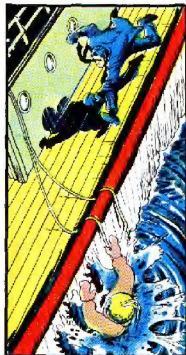
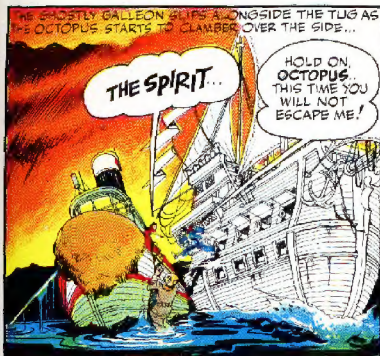
I'LL TAKE THIS
MAGNETIC MINE AND GO
DOWN ABOUT SEVEN FATHOMS.
YOU STAY HERE AND TALK
THEM OFF... IF THEY GET
TOO NOSY, TUG ON
THE LINE THREE TIMES AND
I'LL LET THIS FLOAT TO THE
SURFACE AND BLOW THEIR
SHIP TO TOOTHPICKS!

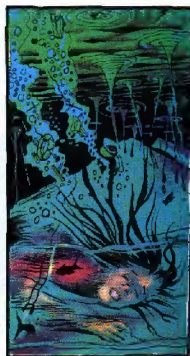
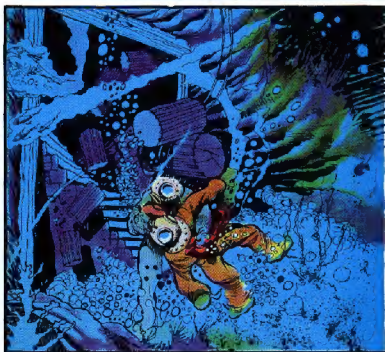
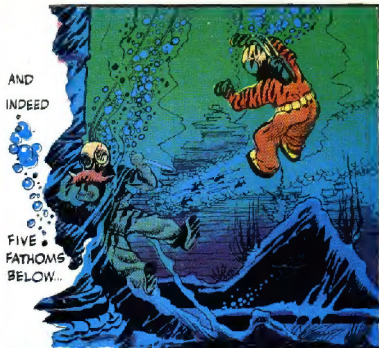
SI... HURRY...
I UNDERSTAND...



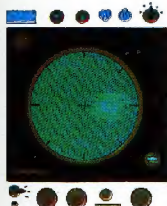
GOOD GRIEF, MUERTO! NOT
UNTIL I SAW THIS TUG DID I BELIEVE
YOU... THAT'S CASTANET ON THE
DECK... I KNOW SHE'S ALIVE...

SI... AND
FROM NOW
ON EET IS
YOU WHO
MUST STOP
THE
OCTOPUS, FOR
I CANNOT
FIGHT
MORTALS...





DURING THE EARLY HOURS OF YESTERDAY MORNING, THE ARMY RADAR MONITOR OUTSIDE CENTRAL CITY'S HARBOR PICKED UP WHAT APPEARED TO BE AN APPROACHING VESSEL...



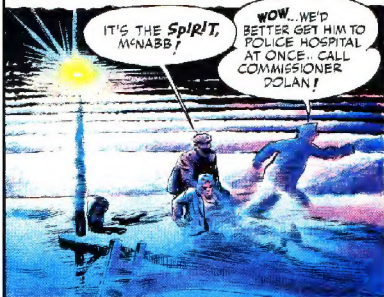
WHEN IT FAILED TO RESPOND TO THE ROUTINE RADIO CALLS, A PATROL BOAT WAS SENT OUT TO INTERCEPT IT.

THEY FOUND...

NOTHING!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...HMM... GUESS THE RADAR WAS OFF.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON PIER 55, NOT FAR FROM THERE, A DOCK PATROLMAN FOUND THE LIMP BODY OF A BADLY WOUNDED MAN.



IT'S THE SPIRIT, MCNABB!

WOW...WE'D BETTER GET HIM TO POLICE HOSPITAL AT ONCE... CALL COMMISSIONER DOLAN!

THIS MORNING...AFTER AN ANXIOUS NIGHT...

THE DOCTOR MAY SAY YOU'RE O.K., SPIRIT... BUT AFTER THAT GHOST STORY YOU TOLD ME... I THINK Y'R DELIRIOUS! ... EL MUERTO INDEED. HMPF!



BUT DOLAN... I'M NOT KIDDING... I...

LOOK...I CHECKED YOUR STORY UP TO THE AIR CLIPPER CRASH... IT'S HOYLE...THE REST IS EASY.



YOU WERE PROBABLY PICKED UP BY A KIND SMUGGLER, WHO LEFT YOU ON THE POCK SIMPLY BECAUSE HE WANTED TO AVOID QUESTIONS...

SURE, I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM, SUH?

THANK YOU, EBANO... TELL HIM ALSO CASTANET HAS...GR... JOINED ME.



MIST' SPIRIT...A MAN OUTSIDE WIF A BEARD AND A FUNNY COSTUME GIMME THIS RING FOY YUH... SAID IT WAS A GIF 'IN GRATITUDE F'SAVIN' THE TREASURE OF MONTABALDO... HE SAID CASTANET DONE J...

WHAT MAN? THAT CORRIDOR IS SEALED! ONLY ONE COULD GET IN WITHOUT PASSING THROUGH HERE WOULD BE A GHOST...



EXACTLY!

WOW! A GENUINE INCA SETTING, JUST LIKE THE ONE IN THE MUSEUM!

NOW WHUT'S SO EXCITIN' ABOUT THAT, I AST YA?

GET A GLASS OF WATER, EBANO... HURRY!



CREEPY



There's danger at every turn in the strange and alien world of a child's imagination. A magical stone sends an orphan named Lucien to a world of fantasy. More color from the talented RICH CORBEN

THE HERO WITHIN

DON'T MISS THE OTHER GREAT WARREN MAGAZINES

EERIE

SCHRECK
"WORMS IN THE MIND"

In a world plagued by a moon-spawned epidemic of werewolfism, only Derek Schreck and his lovely companion Bright Eyes stand between salvation for mankind and the fall of civilization!



Half-man, half-demon, Hunter searches an alien world for his father and revenge!

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND RIGHT NOW!

VAMPIRELLA

The light of the Running Red. From where does it come? How can it be stopped? Flesh falls from skeletal bodies. Men die in their tracks! And in the process... VAMPIRELLA!

"THE RUNNING RED!"



PANTHA
Captured, beautiful! And... deadly! Young Spirit roams shadowy city streets in search of her past. Weaver and weaver through the dangerous metropolitan jungle, she is alone. Alone, but not unprotected. For Spirit has the hellish ability to change from a passive, penitent girl to the famous man-killing panther!

THE SPIRIT

HOMICIDE : UNSOLVED

The Strange Case of Mrs. PARAFFIN:

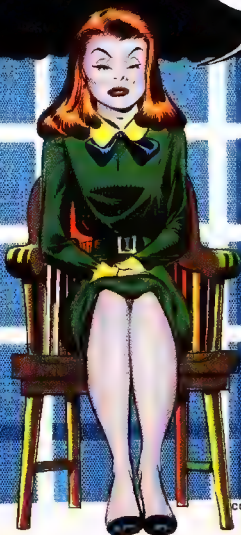
On Jan. 12th a young woman walked into Police Commissioner Dolan's office and, with a coolness that gave us goosepimples, announced that she wished to be BOOKED for MURDER!

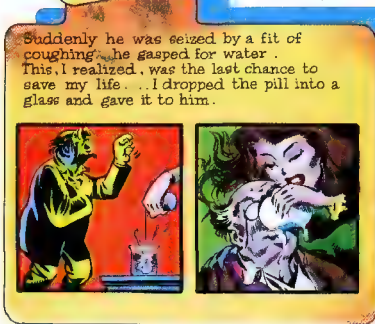
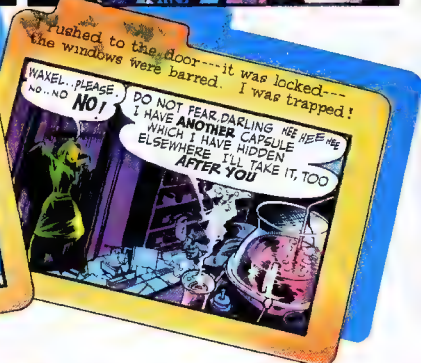
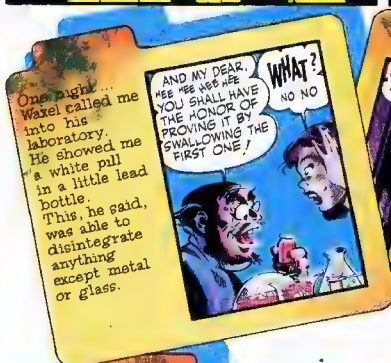
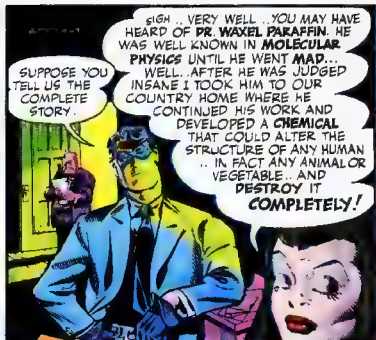
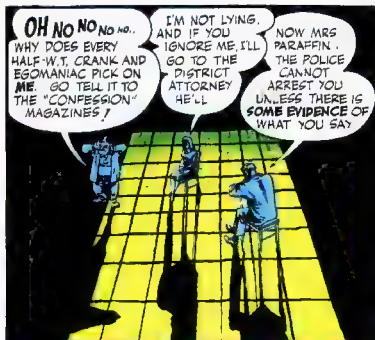
We asked why---- and her reply started me on one of the weirdest cases I have ever failed to solve.

filed--Wildwood--March 7, 1943

BY WILL EISNER

I HAVE
JUST MURDERED
MY HUSBAND!

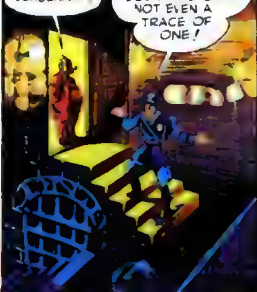




Perhaps it was her calmness her level tone or just plain curiosity that made Dolan send a squad scurrying to the Paraffin home on the edge of town.



Y BACK SO SOON SERGEANT



YES SIR THERE ISN'T ANY BODY THERE NOT EVEN A TRACE OF ONE!

HELLO MISSING PERSONS BUREAU ROUTINE CASE LADY'S HUSBAND'S RUN OFF SHE THINKS SHE KILLED HIM

BUT I DID KILL HIM HE EVAPORATED
DISINTEGRATED
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



COMPLETELY DESTROY MOLECULAR ARRANGEMENT BY A CAPULET? FAH! IMPOSSIBLE!

NEVER IN ALL MY RESEARCH HAVE I HEARD SUCH ROT...AND I'M A SPECIALIST!

THE MISSING PERSONS' BUREAU CANNOT LOCATE YOUR HUSBAND THERE'S NO REASON TO SUSPECT FOUL PLAY...NOW GO HOME LIKE A NICE LADY

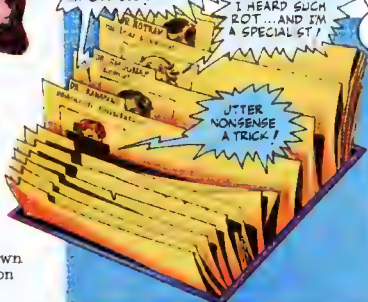
NO! I'VE TALKED TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY. HE'LL TRY ME ON MY AFFIDAVIT



She turned and looked at me



I couldn't resist...I began my own investigation



UTTER NONSENSE A TRICK!



MRS PARAFFIN YOU KNOW NO COURT IS GOING TO CONVICT YOU OF MURDER ON SUCH A FLIMSY STORY...IF YOUR HUSBAND HAS DISAPPEARED, YOU'LL GET AN AUTOMATIC DIVORCE IN FIVE YEARS AND THEN YOU'LL BE FREE

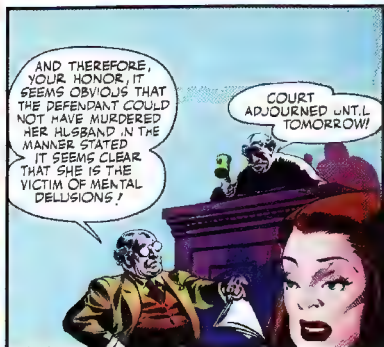
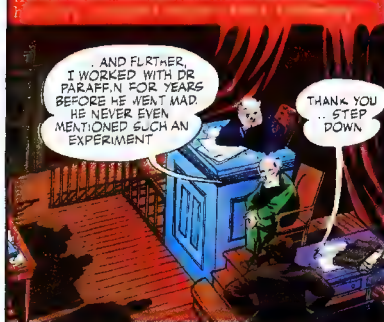
BUT I DON'T WANT A DIVORCE I JUST WANT TO DIE. I HAVE A CHOICE OF DEATHS AND I PREFER THE LEGAL ONE... CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WON'T **SOMEPOPY** UNDERSTAND?



Many times in my career I have been asked to prove someone innocent but now for the first time I had to prove someone GUILTY OF MURDER

...and what was worse...I had the feeling she was telling the truth.

At the court examination...the next day...



As she was leaving the courtroom, she... Dolan and me...



That night I sat up thinking about the case---if the "atomic pills" existed at all, then there must be a written formula ..Dr Paraffin would not destroy the formula of such a momentous discovery...

Sure!.. he would hide it! But WHERE? ..How?

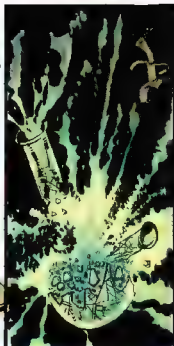




The laboratory had been searched thoroughly --therefore the formula must have been hidden in a place so obvious that the police would overlook it--- I saw a pile of old scientific journals lying on top of Paraffin's desk..

I began leafing through them, and sure enough, halfway through the pile --stuck between the pages of a tattered old magazine---I found The FORMULA!



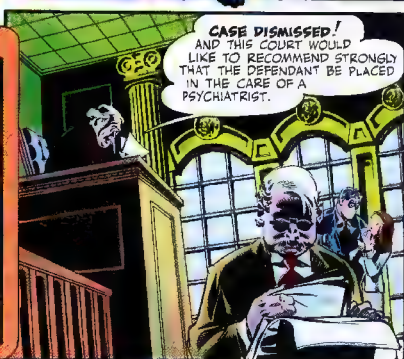


When the smoke cleared away, the lead bottles were empty -- there was no cat -- no paper -- nothing but a hole in the wooden top of the laboratory table.



He was right -- for at the next court session...

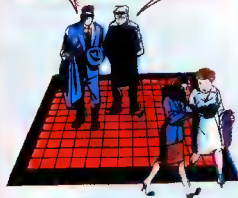
AND ACTUALLY ALL THIS WITNESS HAS TO BACK UP HIS STATEMENT IS A HOLE IN A TABLE TOP WHICH COULD HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY A SIMPLE CHEMICAL BURN!



AND SO, AS THE COURT DECREED,
MRS. PARAFFIN WAS COMMITTED TO
MENTAL OBSERVATION.

WEE THAT
SHE GETS THE
BEST OF EVERYTHING
DOC.. SHE'S HAD
IT ROUGH.

SURE.
BUT I'M
CERTAIN
SHE'S QUITE
NORMAL.



MATRON'S REPORT

The next day a letter
arrived, addressed to Mrs.
Paraffin -- It had been lying
in the dead-letter office..

IT'S FROM MY
LATE HUSBAND.
TH. THE POSTMARK
SHOWS HE MAILED
IT BEFORE HE
DIED ..

OPEN IT...
READ IT MY
DEAR...MAYBE
IT CONTAINS A
WILL! AND TAKE YOUR
ASPIRIN.



MATRON'S REPORT

I busted myself with the
linens--my back was
turned, and I can only
report what I heard...
She was trying to
shake something out of
the envelope.



MATRON'S REPORT

I heard a "plink"... I
turned... she was looking
in the envelope...
She said...

...IT'S EMPTY.
FOR A MOMENT
I THOUGHT
THERE WAS A
CA.. CAP..



OH YOUR
HUSBAND PROBABLY
PLACED A KEY TO HIS
VAULT IN IT. AND IT FELL
OUT THROUGH THE HOLE
IN THE BOTTOM. NOW
TAKE YOUR
ASPIRIN!



MATRON'S REPORT

I heard her drink--I turned--
and she was gone!



SHE
ESCAPED..
CRAWLED
OUT THE
WINDOW!

IMPOSSIBLE...
WE'RE 20 STORES
UP.. AND THE
WINDOW'S BARRED
...THIS IS A
STEEL CELL

IF YOU'LL EXAMINE
THAT ENVELOPE,
YOU'LL SEE THAT
IT MIGHT HAVE
CONTAINED A
CAPSULE OR
PILL ..



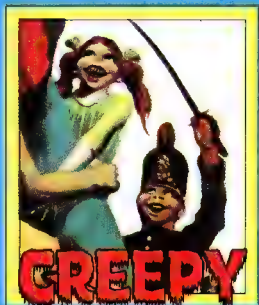
HOLY COW...ARE YOU
TRYING TO IMPLY THAT
THE CAPSULE WAS
THE OTHER PILL
DOC PARAFFIN SAID
HE HID?



YES, DOLAN.
AND THESE BITS OF
METAL TOOTH FILLINGS
SHOE BUCKLES.. BLTTONS.
ARE ALL THAT
REMAIN OF
MRS. PARAFFIN...



PREVIEW



ON SALE NOW

WARREN

NO ORDINARY PUBLISHING COMPANY

The ELEVATOR

AS A MATTER OF TRUTH,
CRIMEFIGHTERS DEPEND
HEAVILY ON SIMPLE TIPS...
AND IN THE MATTER
OF SNEEVER, THE
BOND THIEF, WE HAD
THE TIP...AND IT ONLY
REMAINED TO PICK HIM
UP...A SIMPLE MATTER..
BUT ANYTHING
MIGHT HAPPEN..



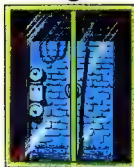
...WHICH WAS
WHY 8:50 P.M.
ONE GLOOMY DAY
FOUND US AT
THE ENTRANCE
TO THE
CENTRAL
BUILDING ON
WAVER STREET..



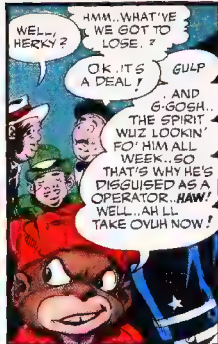
THE JOINT'S SURROUNDED,
SPIRIT... STAIRWAYS AND ALL..
THE ONLY EXIT NOW
IS BY ELEVATOR..
WHAT'LL WE DO.?

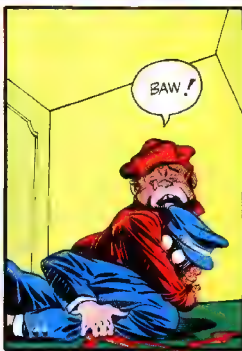
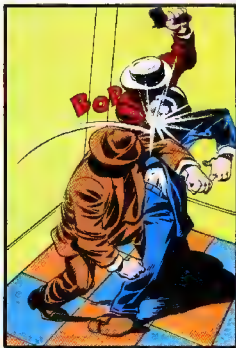
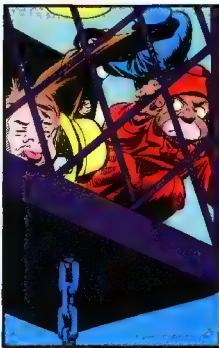
WAIT.

From the 65th
Floor of the
Central Building to
the street
it is but
five minutes
by elevator.
Yet
there are times
when these few
fleeting minutes
seem
like hours,
and the little car
a stage
wherein
mighty dramas
begin....
or
end...

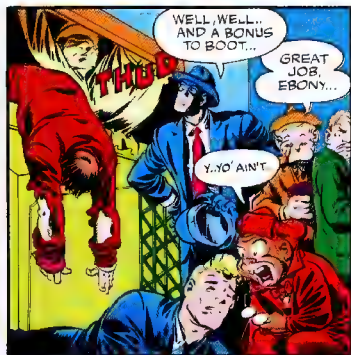
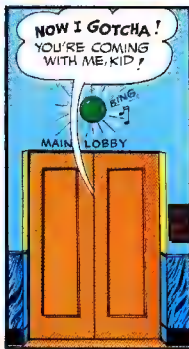
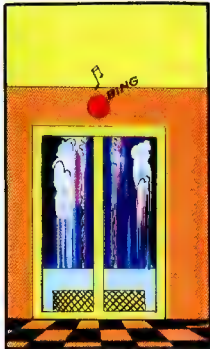












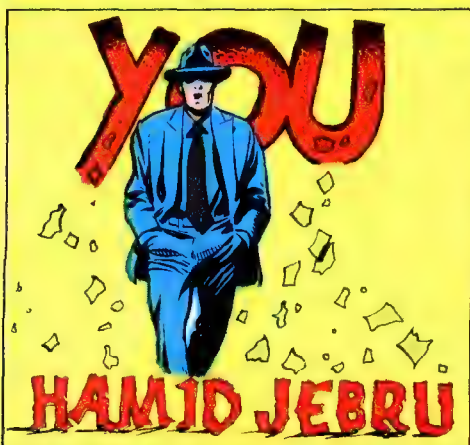


DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE WHEN THE SPIRIT IS... WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE!

The Spirit finds himself on the wrong side of the law, hunted by both the police and the underworld! Plus... high adventure in Egypt as he challenges the most feared gangster in the world... Hamid Jebri! All in the next exciting issue of THE SPIRIT!



ON SALE
SEPTEMBER 10!



THE DEADLY COMIC BOOK

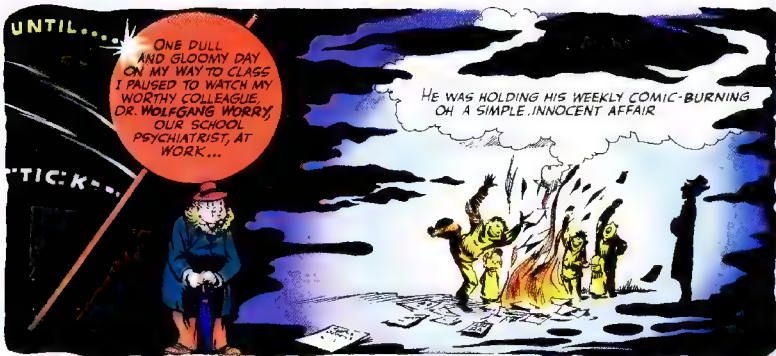


I AM A MUSIC TEACHER...
AN ORDINARY TEACHER TO THE JUNIOR
GRADES OF THE CENTRAL CITY ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL... AS A RULE I AM QUITE STRICT,
AND I HAVE A REPUTATION FOR UNMERCIFULLY
FLUNKING THOSE WHO ARE NOT INTERESTED
IN THE CLASS. SO YOU SEE, I AM NOT
WITHOUT ENEMIES...

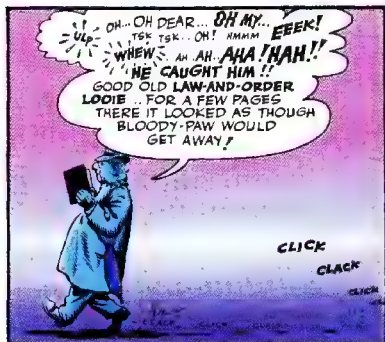


BUT IT NEVER OCCURRED
TO ME THAT I MIGHT HAVE AN
ENEMY SO FIENDISH... OR
CAPABLE OF COMMITTING A
TERRIBLE VENGEANCE
UPON ME!





I WAS MILDLY CURIOUS...I PICKED UP ONE THAT HAD ESCAPED THE FLAMES...IT WAS ALL RIGHT. YOU SEE I AM, AFTER ALL, AN ADULT, AND (I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE) IMMUNE TO SUCH STORIES...



SUDDENLY... I WAS SEIZED BY AN OVERWHELMING FEAR... I COULD SEE NOTHING... BUT I WAS CERTAIN I WAS BEING FOLLOWED!

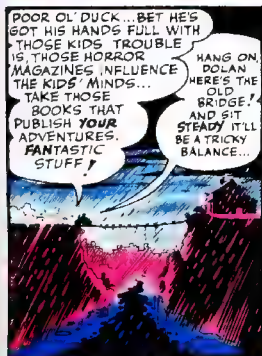
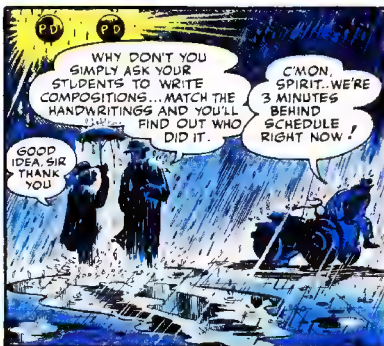
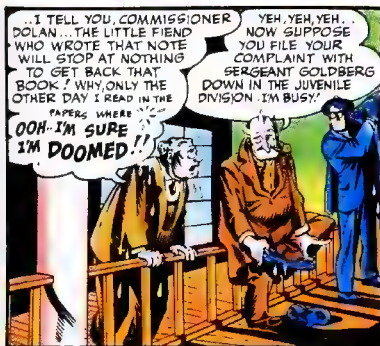
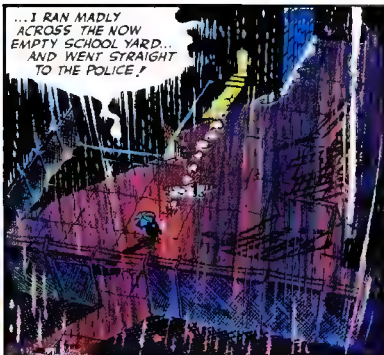
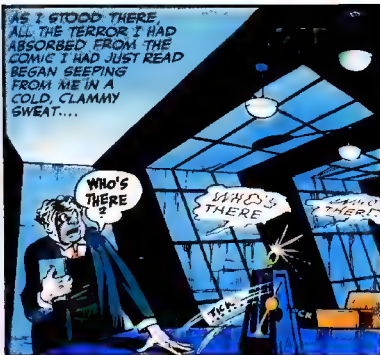


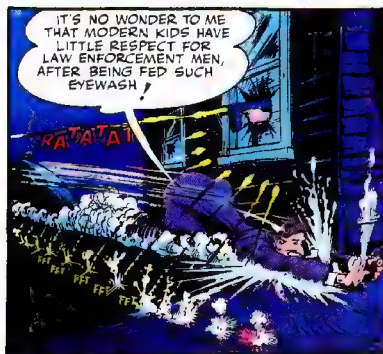
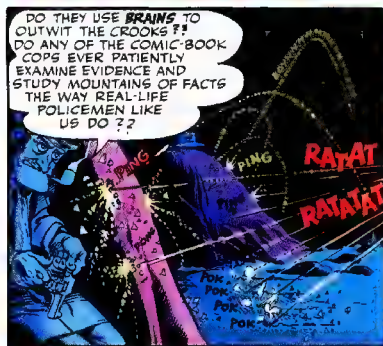
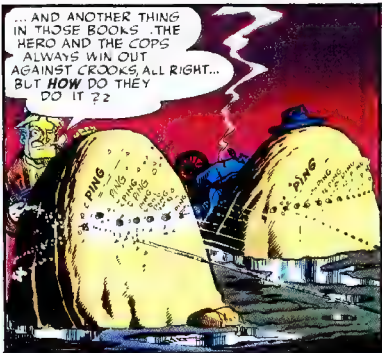
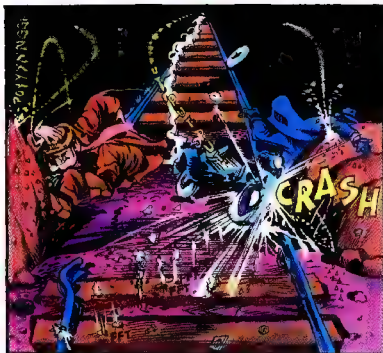
DASHING BACK... I DASHED UP THE PRIVATE TEACHERS' ENTRANCE...

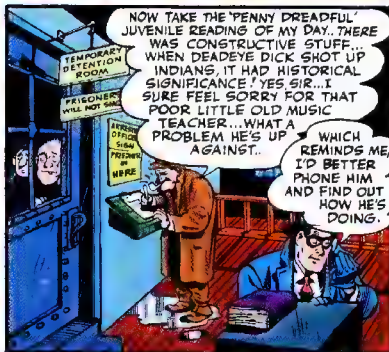
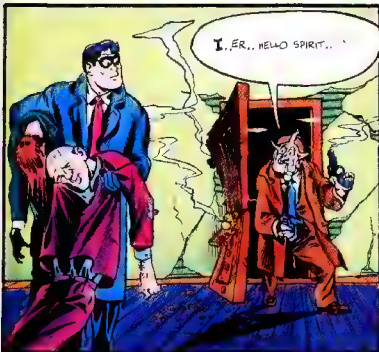
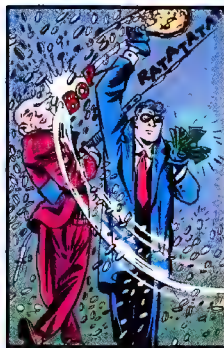
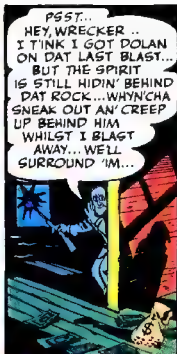
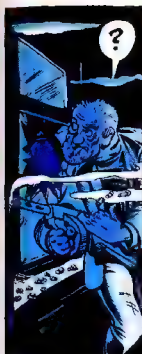


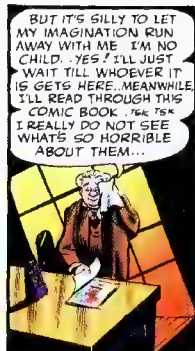
AND THERE IN THE AWFUL SILENCE I SAW IT... THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF WHAT WAS TO COME...

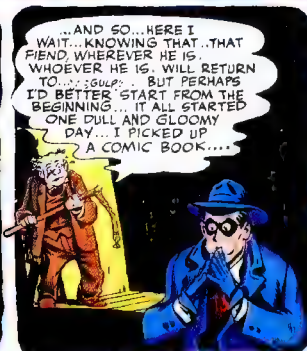
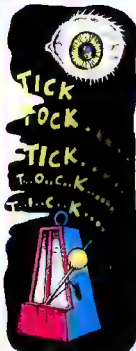
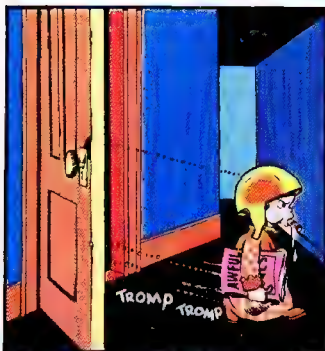
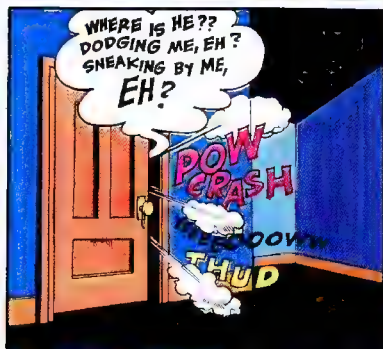
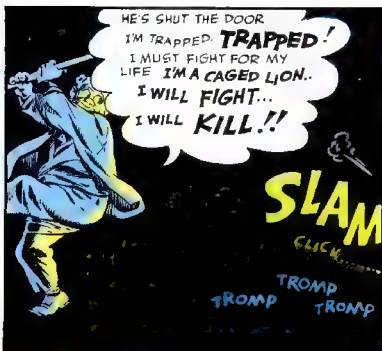


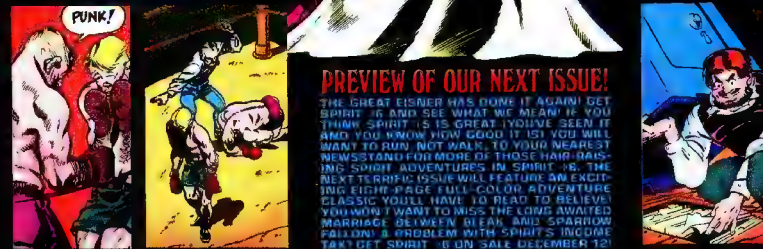














AT FIRST THERE WAS VERY LITTLE... WILD RIVERS, STEAMING LAVA,
AND BARREN EARTH... THEN CAME THE GIANTS... BEASTS! SOME
THAT WALKED ON FOUR LEGS, AND OTHERS THAT FLEW LIKE OUR
GREATEST AIRCRAFT... AND AFTER THE BEASTS CAME MEN... PRIMITIVE
MEN WITH A DESTINY THAT NONE COULD IMAGINE... NONE EXCEPT
GLOB... BUT THEN, GLOB WAS AN ARTIST!

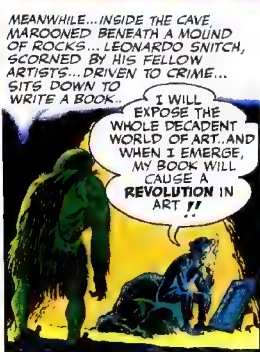
YES... GLOB WAS NO RUN-OF-THE-MILL CAVEMAN...FOR HIS GREAT IMAGINATION MADE HIM SUSPECT IN THE EYES OF HIS FELLOWS...AND, AS IT HAS ALWAYS BEFALLEN MEN WHO THINK BEYOND THEIR TIME, HE WAS SCORNF, AND HE WAS DRIVEN BACK INTO THE CAVES...

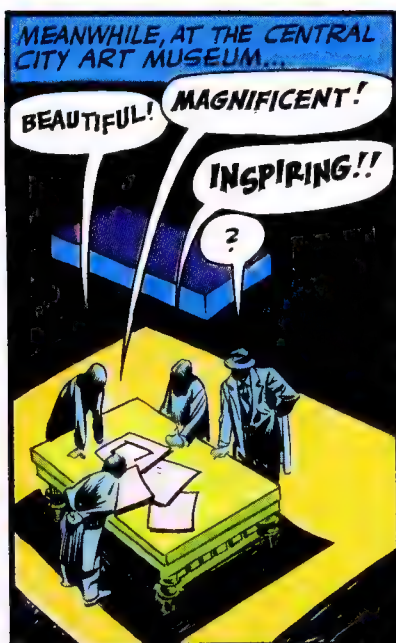
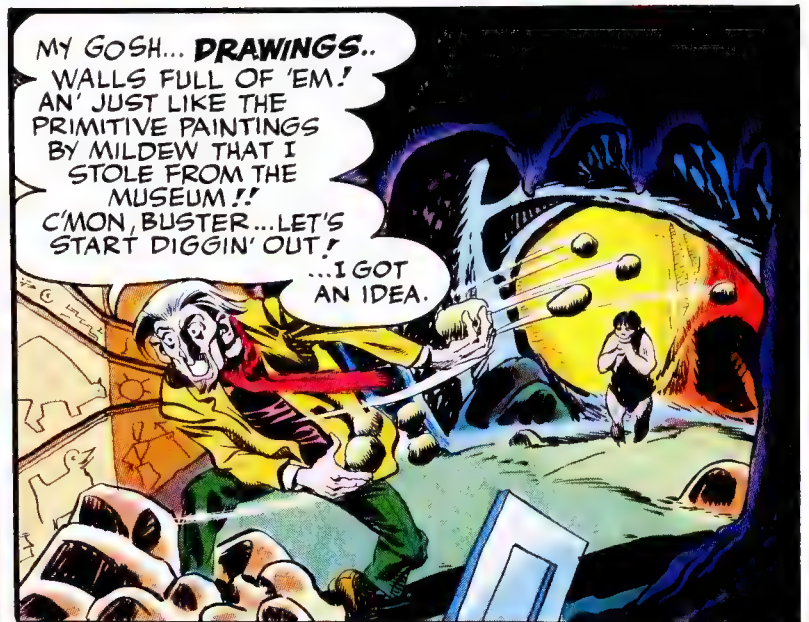


HERE A SUDDEN TREMOR OF THE EARTH CAUSED A ROCK SLIDE, TRAPPING GLOB... AND SO, MAROONED FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD, ALONE, HE SAT DOWN TO WRITE A BOOK... (THIS ALSO IS COMMON AMONG POLITICAL PRISONERS EVEN IN OUR TIMES...)



3 MILLION YEARS LATER...





DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE CENTRAL CITY MUSEUM OF ART IS IN A FURORE...

PAINTINGS UNWRAPPED, DECORATIONS PUT UP, HUSTLE AND BUSTLE.

AND FINALLY THE EXHIBIT IS ASSEMBLED AND THE MUSEUM STAFF ANXIOUSLY AWAITS THE OPENING...

FREE!
WE'RE
FREE!!

?

SCRAPE

SCRAPE

SCRAPE

SCRAPE

OVER AT THE MUSEUM

TOMORROW THE EXHIBIT WILL OPEN, COMMISSIONER DOLAN... WE MUST HAVE ADEQUATE POLICE PROTECTION FOR THESE PRICELESS WORKS OF ART, AND PREVENT ANY OTHER ATTEMPT AT THEFT...

WORKS OF ART...
HAW!

LOOKS MORE LIKE THE CHUCKLE: SCRAWLING OF A CAVEMAN!

HMMPH...
PEASANT!

HEY
LEMMIE
IN!

WHAT'S ALL
THE RUMPUS,
KLINK?

THIS BIRD
TRIED TO
FORCE HIS
WAY IN,
COMMISSIONER.

**LEONARDO
SNITCH**

!!
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
DEAD...

THAT'S
PAST
HISTORY
COPPER!

GENTLEMEN I
WOULD LIKE YOU
TO EXAMINE SOME
REALLY **CLASSY**
ART WORK!

STEP A LITTLE CLOSER,
GENTS... TAKE A GOOD
LOOK! NOTICE THE
UNCULTIVATED DESIGN...
THE **UNINHIBITED**
LINEAR QUALITY!
...EASY, BUB... DON'T
TOUCH THE MATERIAL...

GO WAY SPIRIT,
Y'BODDER ME!

MMM...

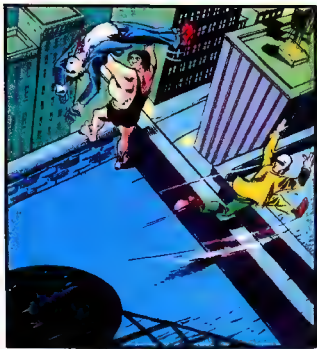
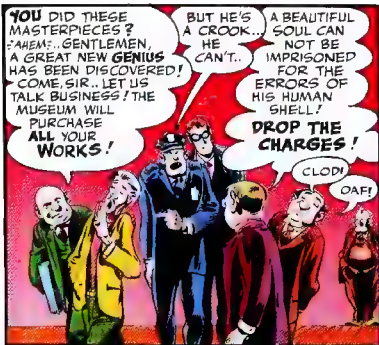
MAGNIFICENT!

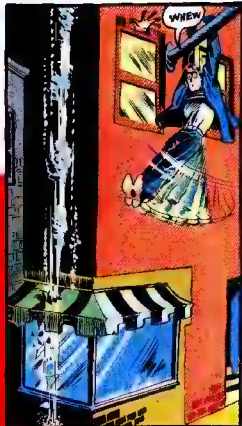
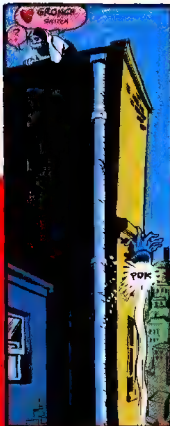
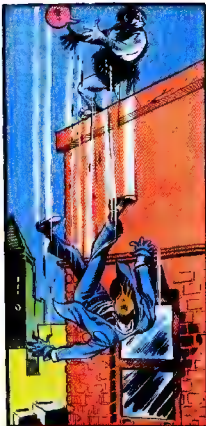
BETTER THAN
MILDEW!!

ASTOUNDING!

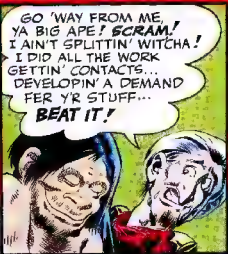
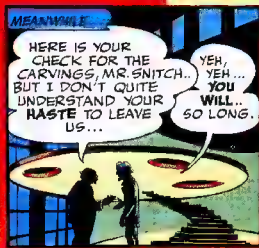
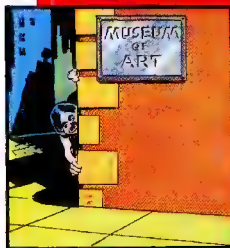
**WHO IS THE
ARTIST ??**

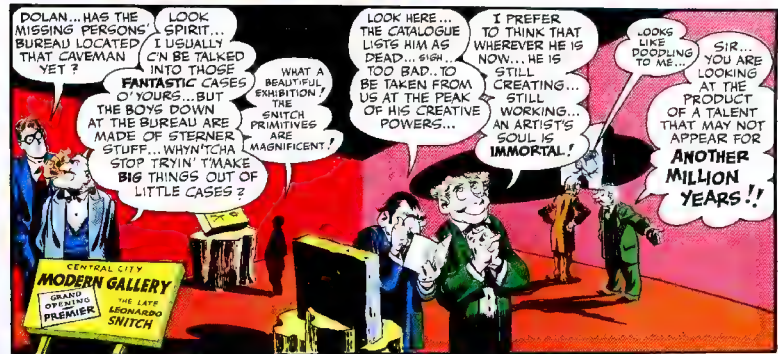
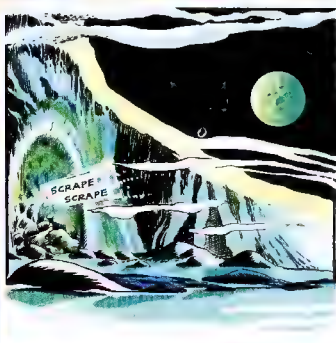
ME!





...THE SCENT OF LEONARDO SNITCH, THE FIRST MAN HE HAS SEEN IN CENTURIES... THE MAN HE IDOLIZES...





**WEREWOLVES, MUMMIES, DEMONS,
GHOSTS, WIZARDS, GHOULS,
HEROES, SPACEMEN, & MONSTERS!**

Warren Publishing is proud to announce a new mile stone in comics history. It's COMIX INTERNATIONAL, a full-color collection of the finest work done by Warren's Rich Corben. Between the two cardboard covers of this high quality, slick paper quarterly, are stories about a great space hero, a cube that distorts time, a murderous mummy, a most unique werewolf, a psychopathic Santa Claus, a day-dreaming monster, a government experiment gone awry, a demon summoned from hell, a haunted house, and a little boy made from the limbs of dead animals. The magazine is expensive: \$2.50, but well-worth the price. And the stories will beguile your mind. That's COMIX INTERNATIONAL with art by Rich Corben... stories by the most sought-after talent in comics. On newstands now, or order your own copy from us, postpaid. Hurry! Supply is limited! #1C1 \$2.50

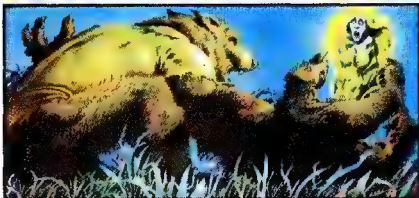
[illegible]

TEN ALL-COLOR SUPER-SPECIAL STORIES BY RICH CORBEN!

comix international



**SPECIAL
COLLECTOR'S
EDITION!**

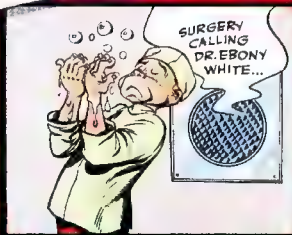
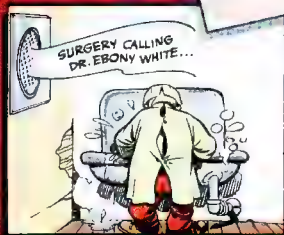


by rich corben

THE SPIRIT

by WILL EISNER

We regret to announce that Mr. Eisner is sick this week. So, at great expense, we have obtained the services of Alonzo Hack for the writing of this story. Mr. Hack, as you all know, is the well-known writer of radio daytime serials.



YOUNG DR. EBONY

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S STRUGGLE THROUGH LIFE
THAT ASKS THE QUESTION....

"CAN A YOUNG MAN STRUGGLE THROUGH LIFE?"

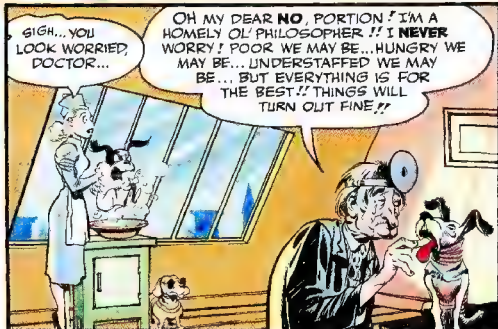
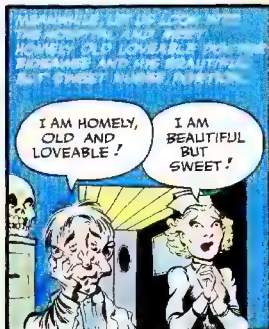
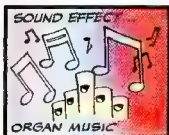
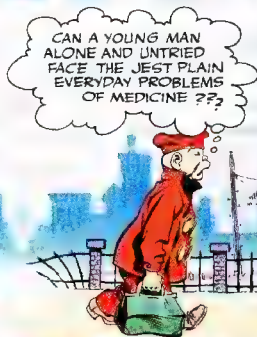
STORY AND ART: WILL EISNER / COLOR: JOHN LANEY

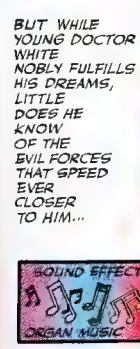
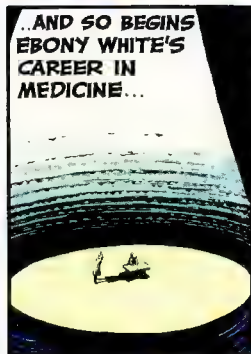
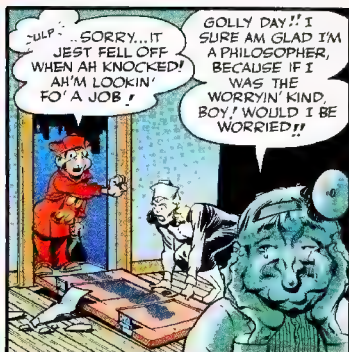
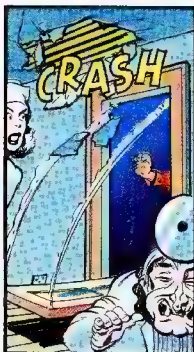
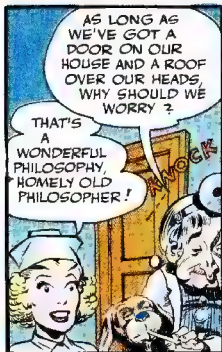
First Published May 29, 1949
Copyright © 1975 Will Eisner

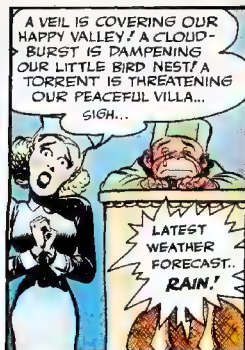
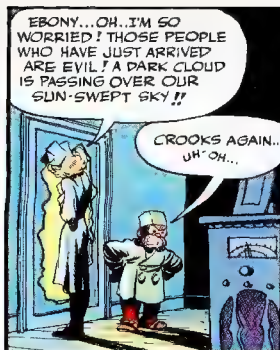
WHEN LAST WE MET YOUNG EBONY, HE HAD DECIDED TO GIVE UP HIS CAREER AS THE SPIRIT'S ASSISTANT, AND ENTER THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. AS OUR SCENE OPENS, EBONY IS PACKING...



... AND SO, WITH HEART BEATING PROUDLY, YOUNG DR. WHITE STARTS OUT ON HIS CAREER...







BUT EVEN AS HE PONDER'S HIS PROBLEM, DARK EVENTS LOOM ON THE HORIZON...





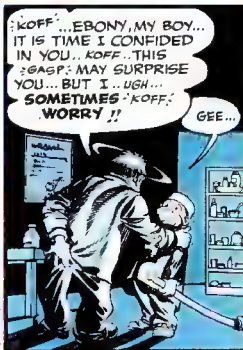
A BRIEF
INTERLUDE
FOR FRED BALOAN
AND HIS
POEMS THAT CLUTCH
THE HEART

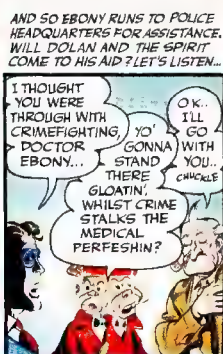
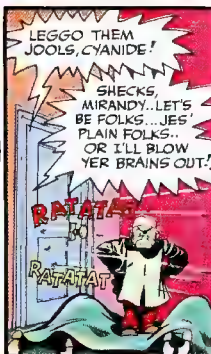
*Oh, I can't forget those
dinnere
That we et at Grandma's
place.
When we'd sit for seven
hours
Shovin' stuffin' in our
face ...*

*Oh, the dumplin's went
down smoothiy,
And the huckleberry tart,
But that forty-second
meatball
Keeps a-clutchin' at
my heart...*

AND
NOW...
BACK TO
HOMELY
OLD
PHILOSOPHER

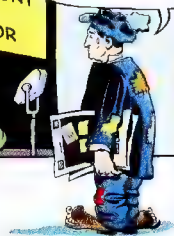
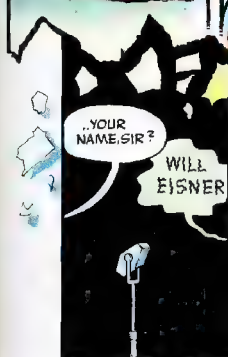
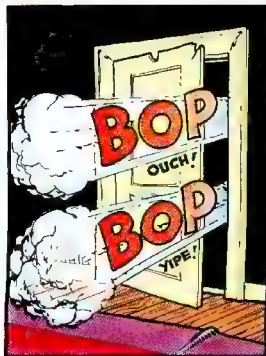
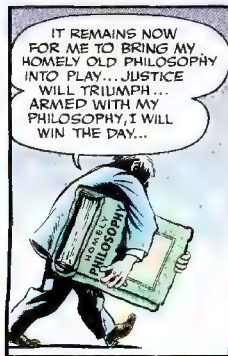
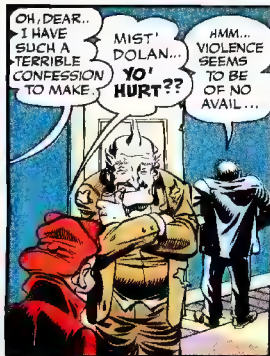
YOU'LL REMEMBER
THAT JUST PLAIN
CYANIDE AND
MIRANDA HILL
INVADED THE
BIDEAWEE HOME
FOR DOGS TO
USE IT AS A
RECEIVING DEPOT
FOR SMUGGLED
DIAMONDS. NOW...





AND SO WHEN WE NEXT SEE YOUNG DOCTOR EBONY, HE IS WITH HARD-BUT-HONEST COMMISSIONER DOLAN AS THEY TRY TO BRING A LITTLE LAW INTO THE LIVES OF JUST PLAIN CYANIDE AND MIRANDA OF ALCATRAZ HILL...

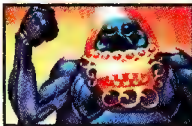




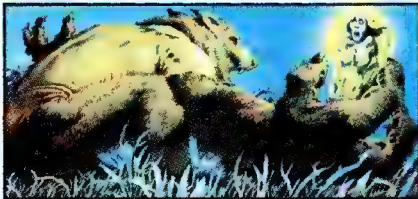
**WEREWOLVES, MUMMIES, DEMONS,
GHOSTS, WIZARDS, GHOULS,
HEROES, SPACEMEN, & MONSTERS!**

[illegible]

comix international



**SPECIAL
COLLECTOR'S
EDITION!**

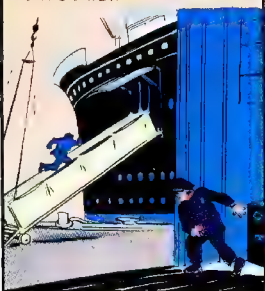


by rich corben

Assignment: Paris



CENTRAL CITY HARBOR. DAWN...
A FAMILIAR FIGURE LEAPS UP THE
GANGPLANK SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE
IT IS TOO LATE...



COMMISSIONER DOLAN
'PUFF' IT'S JUST AS
YOU GUESSED
THE SPIRIT HAS
JUST GONE ABOARD
...HE BOUGHT A
TICKET TO
FRANCE.



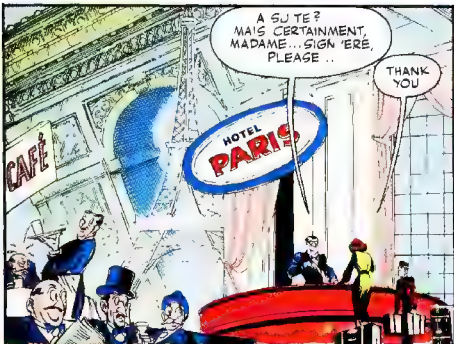
HE'S GOIN
AFTER PON
CARLOS!

EXACTLY...
HE'S HOPING
TO SCOOP ME
AGAIN

BUT THIS TIME
I OUTSMARTED
HIM... I SENT P'GELL
THERE BY PLANE
LAST NIGHT!



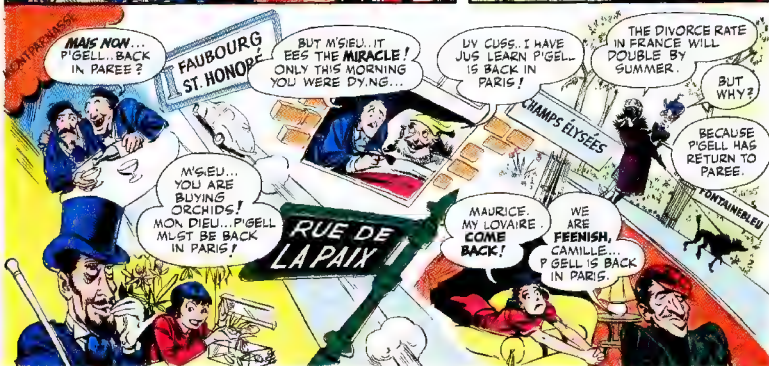
HAW



A SUTÉ?
MAIS CERTAINMENT,
MADAME... SIGN 'ERE,
PLEASE...

THANK
YOU

HOTEL
PARIS



MAIS NON...
P'GELL... BACK
IN PAREE?

FAUBOURG
ST. HONORE

BUT M'SIEU... IT
EES THE MIRACLE!
ONLY THIS MORNING
YOU WERE DY'NG...

BY CUSS... I HAVE
JUS LEARN P'GELL
IS BACK IN
PARIS!

THE DIVORCE RATE
IN FRANCE WILL
DOUBLE BY
SUMMER...

BUT WHY?

BECAUSE
P'GELL HAS
RETURN TO
PAREE.

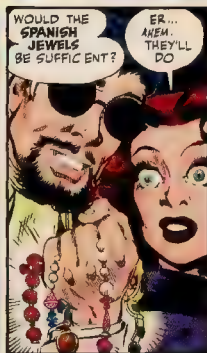
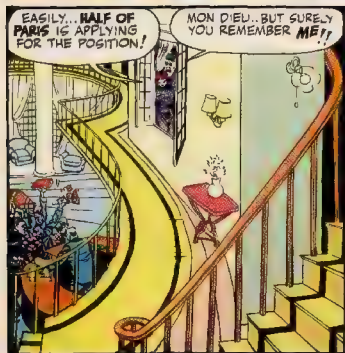
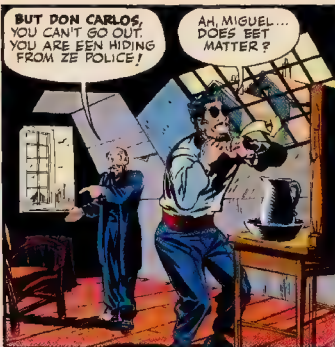
M'SIEU...
YOU ARE
BUYING
ORCHIDS!
MON DIEU... P'GELL
MUST BE BACK
IN PARIS!

RUE DE
LA PAIX

MAURICE.
MY LOVAIRE.
COME
BACK!

WE
ARE
FEENISH,
CAMILLE...
P GELL IS BACK
IN PARIS.

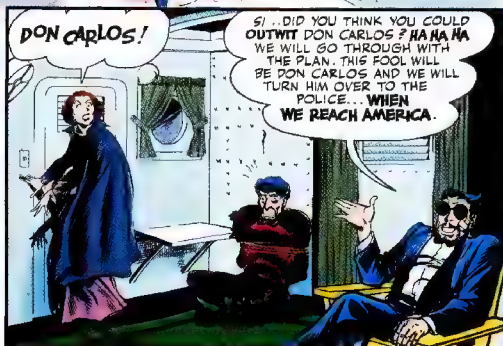
FONTAINEBLEU







AND SO... BACK IN THE HOTEL...



FIVE DAYS LATER, AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL CROSSING... THE DOCKS. CENTRAL CITY...

OK MEN. THERE SHE IS. AND, BY GOLLY, SHE'S GOT.

FIVE DAYS LATER, AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL CROSSING... THE DOCKS. CENTRAL CITY...

OK MEN. THERE SHE IS. AND, BY GOLLY, SHE'S GOT.

O.K. DON CARLOS ...YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

THAT'S HIM. WELL P'GELL, GOOD JOB.

NOTHING TO IT.. HERE ARE THE JEWELS NOW HOW ABOUT THE REWARD?

JUST A MINUTE!
P GELL DOESN'T
RATE THAT REWARD!
I DID ALL THE WORK
- RISKED MY NECK
TO CAPTURE THE
REAL DON CARLOS!

JUST A MINUTE!
P GELL DOESN'T
RATE THAT REWARD!
I DID ALL THE WORK
- RISKED MY NECK -
TO CAPTURE THE
REAL DON CARLOS!

A man with dark hair, wearing a blue suit and a blue mask with white eye lenses, is shouting into a megaphone. He has a determined expression. The background is yellow.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! SHE WAS WISE TO YOU AS SOON AS YOU SHOWED UP! SHE SENT ME THIS CABLE SAYING YOU WERE **DISGUISED** AS DON CARLOS ..

OH YEAH? HAW HAW...
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! SHE WAS WISE TO YOU AS SOON AS YOU SHOWED UP! SHE SENT ME THIS CABLE SAYING YOU WERE **DISGUISED** AS DON CARLOS ...



YES SIR...THAT'S QUITE TRUE...AND WE THEN CABLED THE FRENCH POLICE TO SEE THAT YOU GOT ABOARD THIS LINER WITH DON CARLOS.

NOW THE REWARD PLEASE, COMMISSIONER. I'VE COMPLETED THE MISSION.

YES, MAYAM AND WITH TH'S DOUGH GOES THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S GRATITUDE.
\$ 8.9.10.000.
\$ \$

NOW THE REWARD PLEASE, COMMISSIONER. I'VE COMPLETED THE MISSION.

YES, MAYAM AND WITH TH'S DOUGH GOES THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S GRATITUDE.
\$ 8.9.10.000.
\$ \$

HAW HAW HAW
HAW HAW HAW
HAW HAW HAW
NOW YOU KNOW HOW
ALWAYS FEEL WHEN
YOU SCOOP ME
HAW HAW

OH YOU'LL
GET THAT
OLD
FEELING
AGAIN
WHEN YOU
EST THOSE
JEWELS
ELL HANDED
YOU...

**PHONEYS!
PASTE
!!**

PHONEYS!
PASTE
!!



There never was anything like **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**. The hilarious new movie starring Gene Wilder as Dr. Freddy Frankenstein, Peter Boyle as The Monster, Marty Feldman as Igor, plus Cloris Leachman, Teri Garr, Kenneth Mars and Madeline Kahn. The paperback book based on this 20th Century-Fox movie is now available along with this terrific full-color poster (shown above), T-Shirt, etc.! Be the first ghoul on your block to have all this great **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** stuff!

THE

BY GARY FENNER

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1946, ARTEMUS PEAP, IN AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE POLICE, SOUGHT REFUGE IN A ROCKET SHIP CONSTRUCTED BY PROFESSOR ADOLPHE LINK! THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION...AND NEITHER MAN WAS EVER HEARD FROM AGAIN....

ARMY INTELLIGENCE DISCOVERS SECRET NAZI SPACE PLANS

Recent finds in the ruins of the former Nazi army headquarters indicate beyond all doubt that the Nazis were planning to park rocket missiles out in space. Recall to earth and

target point would be controlled entirely by radio.

G-2 has not revealed whether or not this plan was ever put into action. It has not been

SEVERAL DAYS AGO, AT YELLOW SANDS ORDNANCE PROVING GROUNDS, TWELVE ROCKETS CONTAINING AUTOMATIC CAMERAS WERE SHOT INTO SPACE TO PHOTOGRAPH DATA FROM BEYOND THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE! ONE DAY LATER, THE ROCKETS RETURNED! BUT THIS TIME THERE WERE THIRTEEN!



AND WHEN THE LAST ROCKET



LANDED

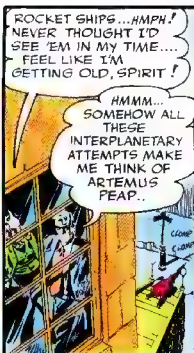


A MAN EMERGED...

The SPACE SNIPER



NEW MEXICO... OFFICIALS OF THE YELLOW SANDS ORDNANCE GROUND TODAY ANNOUNCED THE RETURN OF 12 ROCKETS SENT INTO SPACE TO... "LUCK!"



ROCKET SHIPS... HMPH! NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE 'EM IN MY TIME... FEEL LIKE I'M GETTING OLD, SPIRIT!

HMMM... SOMEHOW ALL THESE INTERPLANETARY ATTEMPTS MAKE ME THINK OF ARTEMUS PEAP..



REMEMBER HIM, DOLAN? IT WAS BACK IN 1946... HE ESCAPED FROM STATE PEN... WHEN WE CORNERED HIM, HE JOINED A DOCTOR ADOLPHE LINK IN HIS SPACE SHIP... WONDER IF THEY EVER MADE MARS...



ANOTHER PLANET... ARE YOU KIDDING? ADOLPHE LINK WAS A PHONEY!! BETCHA A NICKEL THEY'RE NOTHING BUT A HEAP OF RUST ON SOME MOUNTAIN!



EH??

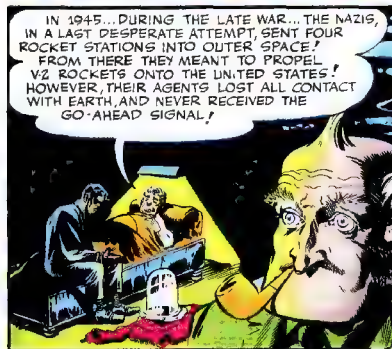
I... GASP... I... I AM... ADOLPHE... LINK...

22
HEY... THIS MAN'S BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK!



GASP... LISTEN CLOSELY AND TRY TO BELIEVE WHAT I SAY! I KNOW IT WILL SOUND FANTASTIC, BUT DO NOT INTERRUPT...

THERE... IS... NO... TIME...



IN 1945... DURING THE LATE WAR... THE NAZIS, IN A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT, SENT FOUR ROCKET STATIONS INTO OUTER SPACE! FROM THERE THEY MEANT TO PROPEL V-2 ROCKETS ONTO THE UNITED STATES! HOWEVER, THEIR AGENTS LOST ALL CONTACT WITH EARTH, AND NEVER RECEIVED THE GO-AHEAD SIGNAL!

AND SO THEY REMAINED... A MASS OF V-2 BOMBS AND FOUR ROCKET STATIONS FROM WHICH TO LAUNCH THEM... FLOATING ENDLESSLY IN UNEXPLORED SPACE, 20,000 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH...

OF THE FOUR ROCKET STATIONS, TWO WERE HIT BY PLANETOIDS AND DESTROYED, WHILE ONE UNIT DRIFTED INTO THE EARTH'S GRAVITY PULL AND CRASHED SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...

AND SO, IN THE VAST EMPTINESS BEYOND THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE EARTH, THERE REMAINED FLOATING AIMLESSLY AMID FRAGMENTS OF ASTEROIDS, THE LAST OF THE MAN-MADE OBJECTS... UNTIL ARTEMUS PEAP AND I CAME ALONG...

WE ARE
HERE, MR
PEAP!

YEAH??
WHERE?

HMPF! AFTER
THREE YEARS OF
TRAVELIN'!! WHAT
KIND OF GOOFY
TRIP DID YOU
TALK ME INTO?

WE ARE 20,000
MILES ABOVE THE
EARTH, PEAP...
THE FIRST MEN
EVER TO TRAVEL
THIS FAR!
I AM SURE YOU
PREFER BEING
HERE, RATHER
THAN IN THE HANDS
OF THE POLICE
OR THE SPIRIT...
BACK ON EARTH.

YEAH...
YEAH...O.K.!
NOW
WHAT?
DO WE GO
SIGHT-
SEEING?

I'M AFRAID
THERE IS NOT
MUCH TO SEE!
THERE IS NO
LIGHT! NO SOUND!
NO AIR! WE
ARE IN A
VACUUM ABOVE
THE WORLD!!

WAIT! DON'T
GO OUT
THERE...
YOU'LL
FALL!!

THERE
IS NO
PLACE
TO FALL,
PEAP!
NO "DOWN",
NO "UP"!
FOLLOW ME-
FOR YEARS I
HAVE WAITED
FOR THIS
MOMENT!

YOU CAN NOT KNOW HOW I FELT AT THAT
MOMENT! AFTER YEARS OF CAREFULLY
CONSTRUCTING THE SPACE SHIP AND
PLANNING THE PRESSURIZED SUITS WE WORE,
MY DREAM HAD BEEN ACHIEVED!

AND THEN WE HEARD THE FIRST OUTSIDE
SOUND SINCE LEAVING THE EARTH'S SURFACE...
AND THE THOUGHT OF WHAT WE HEARD
STILL CHILLS ME!

CAN YOU IMAGINE? THERE
IS NO FRICTION HERE!
LIMITLESS SPEED
IS POSSIBLE!

NOBODY
UP HERE!!
JUST YOU AND
ME...IT BEGINS
TO GIVE ME A
FEELIN' OF
POWER...

2
HEIL HITLER!
AT LAST YOU HAVE
ARRIVED!

?

NAZIS!
WHAT IN...

AT LAST YOU
COME! ISS IT
TIME TO DROP
THE V2 BOMBS
ON AMERIKA?
HOW ISS THE
WAR GOING?

**GREAT
SCOTT!**
THESE
MEN MUST
HAVE
BEEN HERE
FOR YEARS!

HAW HAW!
YOU DUMB
KRAUTS! THE
WAR WAS OVER
LONG AGO!

**NEIN...
NEIN!**

**HITLER IS DEAD!
GET IT, JERK?
DEAD... STIFF..
TOTD...
HITLER KAPUT!?**

THE NAZIS STOOD THERE...
SHOCKED, UNBELIEVING...
AND THEN...

Amerikannische
Schwein... gekommen
unser rocket-station
zu nehmen!

Ja,
Herr Oberst!
aber das
ersten
müssen
die bomben
gefeuert
werden....
Nach
Amerika!!



YOU ARE
QUICK WITH
THE GUN, PEAP!
HOW DID YOU
KNOW THEY WERE
TALKING OF
RELEASING
THOSE BOMBS
ON AMERICA
??

I DIDN'T...
I JUST
SMELL A
DOUBLE-
CROSS, DOC...
AND THAT'S
AN ITEM YOU
SHOULD
KEEP IN MIND
WHEN DEALIN'
WITH ME ..

IT WAS ONLY THEN THAT I BEGAN TO
REALIZE MY CRIMINAL COLLEAGUE
WAS A MADMAN...

LET'S GO SEE
THE ROCKET STATIONS
THE NAZIS TALKED
ABOUT, DOC!
HEH! HEH!

ER... YES..
OF COURSE...

WHAT A WEALTH OF
EQUIPMENT! THROUGH
THIS TELESCOPE I CAN
SEE THE GERMAN
V-2'S STATIONED
OUT IN SPACE!

YEAH... AND BY PRESSING
THIS BUTTON, THEY DROP

-PLOOP-
IN UNCLE SAMMY'S
BACKYARD... HEH HEH...
HA HA HA HA HEHEE...
WHAT A GAME..
WHAT-A-GAME!?



FIGURE IT, PROFESSOR.
ME... ARTEMUS PEAP...
HAVING ALL THIS POWER
IN MY HANDS!! ANY
TIME I'M IN THE
MOOD... WHENEVER THE
FEELING HITS ME...
**I CAN WIPE OUT
ANY SPOT ON THE EARTH!**
GOT ANY PLACE YA
WANT BOMBED,
PALLEY??
HA HA HA HA HA

NOW,
PEAP...
TAKE
IT
EASY...

HAW!

SCARED YA,
HUH? DON'T WORRY...
I AIN'T GOIN' TO DO
IT... NOT YET,
ANYHOW!
HAW HAW HAW

HE WENT ON LAUGHING, LEAPING UP
AND DOWN IN THE VACUUMED SPACE...

ARTEMUS PEAP,
INTERPLANETARY EXPLORER...
HA HA. THAT'S ME!!!
I'LL GO TO THE MOON...
MAYBE MARS...
HA HA!

C'MON, PROF... GET
INTO YOUR BUGGY
AN' START US OFF!
THIS IS ONLY
THE BEGINNING!!

**YOU'RE
MAD!**
WE DON'T
HAVE THE
NECESSARY
EQUIPMENT!

**HEY...WHAT'S
THAT??**

SUDDENLY 12 ROCKETS
BURST INTO VIEW...

ROCKETS!

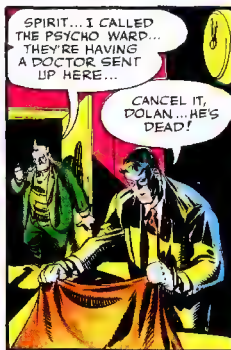
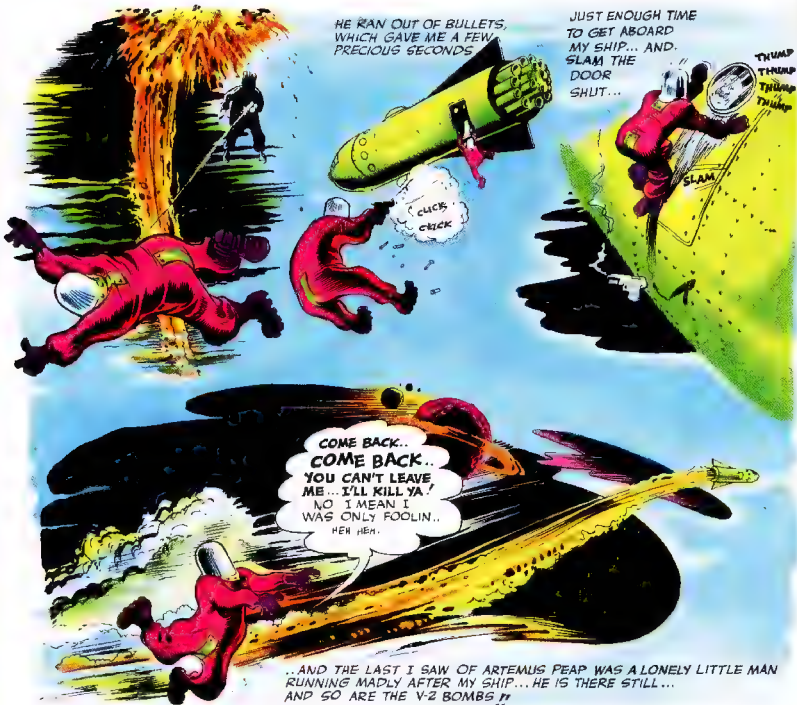
COPS... IT MUST
BE COPS... THEY
FOLLOWED ME...
**YOU MUSTA
SENT 'EM!!**

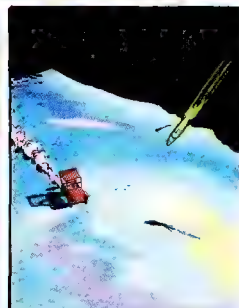
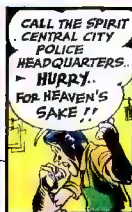
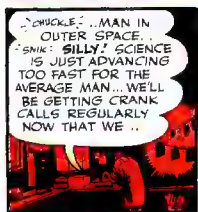
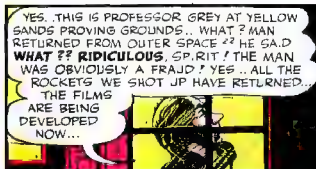
**NO,
PEAP...
NO!**

**YES...YOU RADIOED
BACK...THAT'S WHAT
YOU DID...I WARNED
YOU ABOUT
DOUBLE-CROSSIN'
ME, DOC!**

**BANG
BANG**

BANG







There never was anything like **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN**. The hilarious new movie starring Gene Wilder as Dr. Freddy Frankenstein, Peter Boyle as The Monster, Marty Feldman as Igor, plus Cloris Leachman, Teri Garr, Kenneth Mars and Madeline Kahn. The paperback book based on this 20th Century-Fox movie is now available along with this terrific full-color poster (shown above), T-Shirt, etc.! Be the first ghoul on your block to have all this great **YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN** stuff!

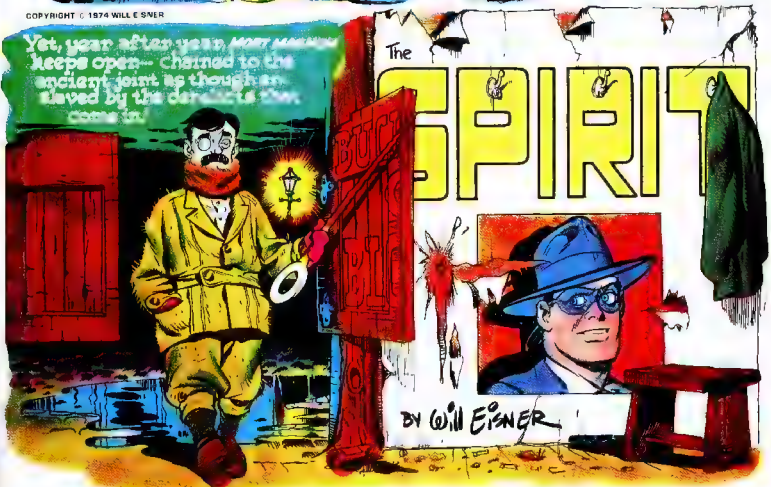
'BUCKET OF BLOOD'

Heaven only knows what
it profits MAGNUM to run
the *BUCKET OF BLOOD*!

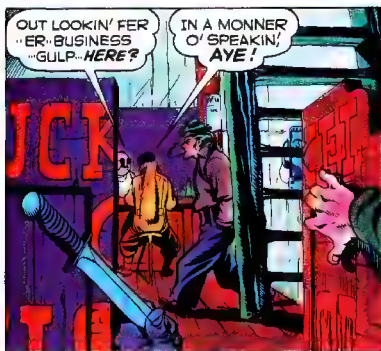
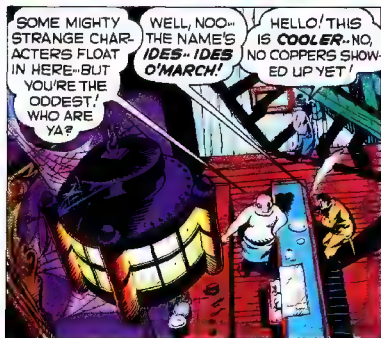
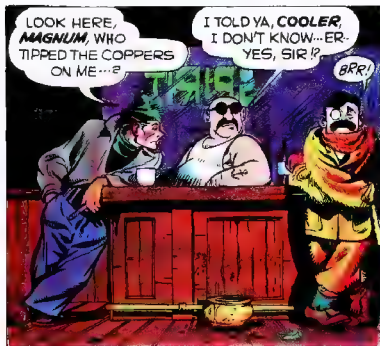
Evening it is not a very profitable
night. Out of the gate, a ordinary
fish-like pool of blood is being
attracted to many.

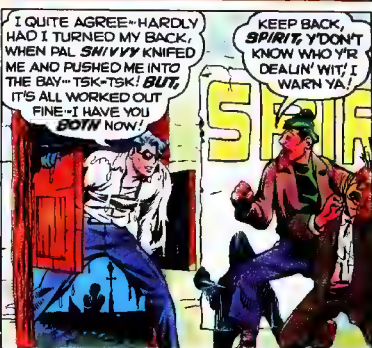
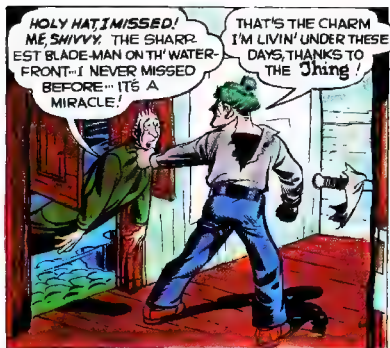
COPYRIGHT © 1974 WILLE EISNER

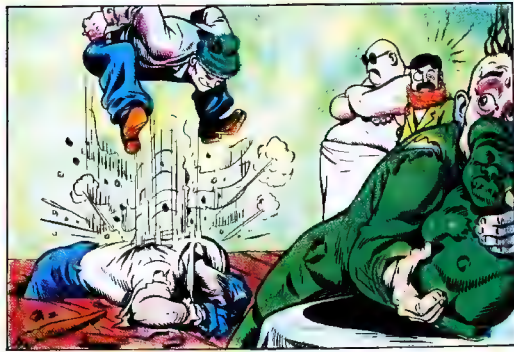
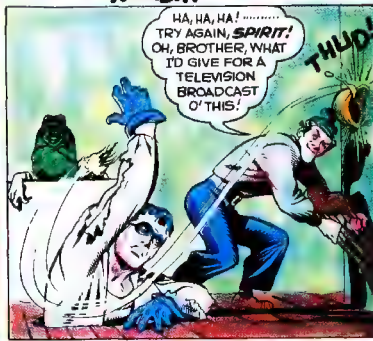
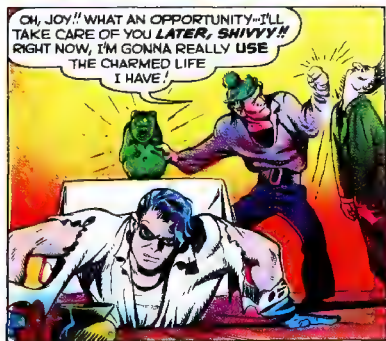
Yet, year after year, *MORT MAGNUM*
keeps open— chained to the
ancient joint as though an
enslaved by the darkness that
comes in.



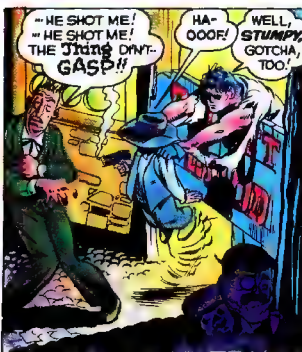
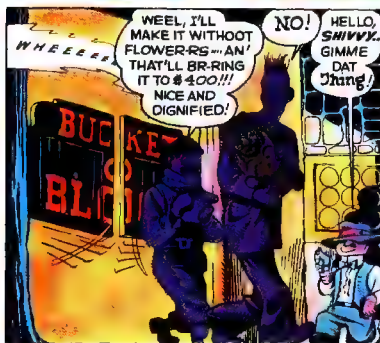
STORY AND ART: WILLE EISNER / COLOR: RICH CORBEN

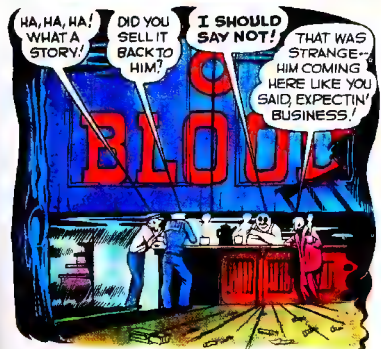
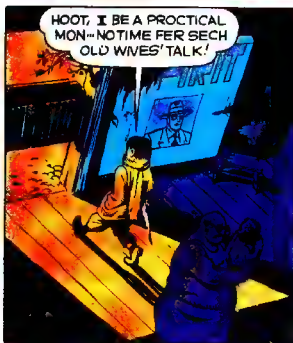
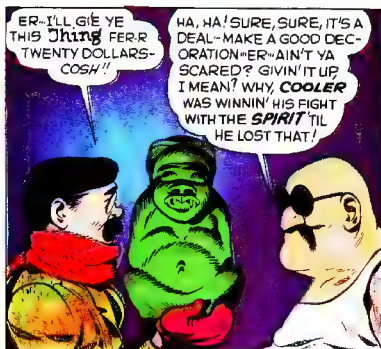
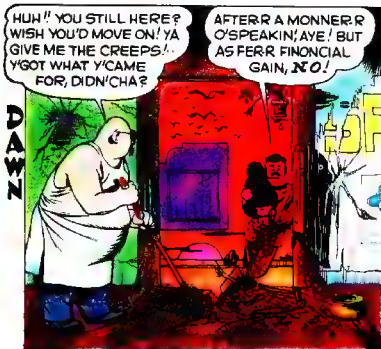












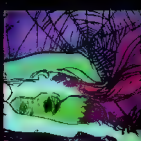
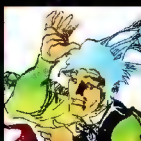
**THERE IS ONLY ONE
FULL-COLOR
8½x12" 120-PAGE
BOOK OF COMIC ART!**

Dracula



**MAGNIFICENTLY
ILLUSTRATED
HORROR!**

Never before have comics looked like this! The world's finest illustrators in a full-spectrum of color. Not drab comic book color, but rich, vibrant colors printed on thick, fine paper. DRACULA is NOT a magazine, but a BOOK! An illustrated treasure chest you will want to keep for years. DRACULA, a book that breaks away from the everyday world of comic art. Something new! Vampires, mummies, demons and ectoplasmic monsters so life-like they fairly jump off the page. And they're all in this incredible collector's item edition, available only from Warren Publishing.



**AVAILABLE ONLY BY MAIL FROM
WARREN PUBLISHING COMPANY**

CAPTAIN COMPANY

P.O. BOX 430, Murray Hill Station
New York, N.Y. 10016

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

- ☐ Rush me my COLLECTOR'S EDITION copy of the Full-Color DRACULA BOOK, for which I enclose \$5.00 plus 75¢ postage and handling.
- ☐ Send me 2 DRACULA BOOKS for the Special Offer price of \$9.00 plus 85¢ postage and handling.

The Christmas

By WILL EISNER

Once upon a time,
in a land far away and
across the sea,
there lived a little lad named Joy.

He was so named because,
when his parents first beheld him,
there was a terrible war,
and only he could make them smile.

But one day his poor parents
were killed,
leaving him quite alone.

Then at last the war ended,
and little Joy, who was now 7,
was left to wander
and to live like a kitchen mouse,
to forage and plunder....

And so Joy lived until Christmas,
which is a time for miracles..
and, aye, a miracle there did occur...

EDITOR'S NOTE: At the end of World War II thousands of young children were left homeless... without parents, and in most cases without any identity. A large part of Europe was in ruins. Amid the rubble of the ruined cities and smashed buildings these pitiful creatures foraged and somehow lived, while the Big Powers and Charitable Agencies tried to sort things out.

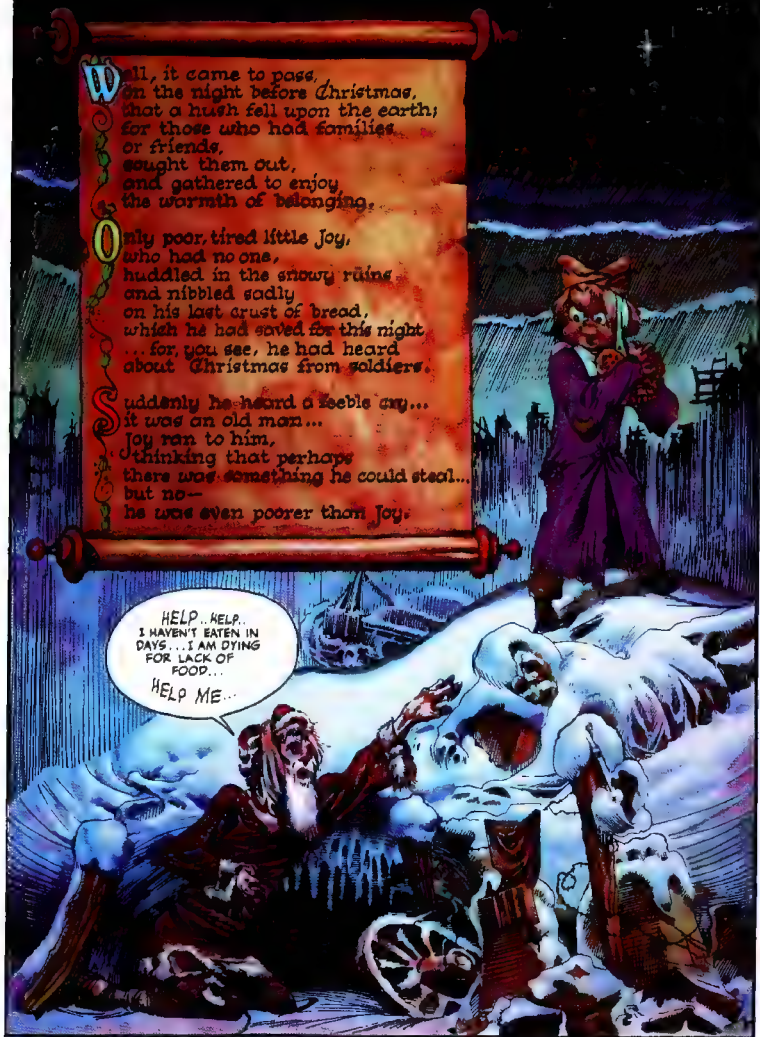
Well, it came to pass,
on the night before Christmas,
that a hush fell upon the earth;
for those who had families
or friends,
sought them out,
and gathered to enjoy
the warmth of belonging.

Only poor, tired little Joy,
who had no one,
huddled in the snowy ruins
and nibbled sadly
on his last crust of bread,
which he had saved for this night
... for, you see, he had heard
about Christmas from soldiers.

Suddenly he heard a feeble cry...
it was an old man...
Joy ran to him,
thinking that perhaps
there was something he could steal...
but no—
he was even poorer than Joy.

HELP...HELP...
I HAVEN'T EATEN IN
DAYS... I AM DYING
FOR LACK OF
FOOD...

HELP ME...



And then the miracle happened

for, to his own surprise,
Joy gave to the old man
his last bit of bread!

"Who are you?" asked the lad,
when the old man recovered
a little.

"I am Santa Claus",
was the reply.

"You are crazy, old one. True,
I have never seen Santa... but
the soldiers say he is fat
and jolly and gives wonderful
gifts... you are skinny and
poor!"

But the old man insisted.
said he...

...OF COURSE
I AM SKINNY AND POOR,
FOR **THIS** IS A **POOR** COUNTRY!
BUT I AM A **REAL** SANTA CLAUS, AND
I WILL GIVE YOU A REAL PRESENT..

MAKE A WISH...
MAKE THE **BIGGEST**, THE
GREATEST WISH YOU CAN
THINK OF... AND I WILL
GIVE IT TO YOU...

I WISH .. I WISH
THAT I COULD LIVE IN A
LAND WHERE THE CITIES
ARE NOT SMASHED AND THE
BUILDINGS STAND TALL AND
CLEAN. . . WHERE THERE ARE
BIG STORES FILLED TO THE SEAMS
WITH TOYS AND FOOD AND
WARM CLOTHING . . . WHERE ONE
IS NOT DRIVEN FROM PLACE TO
PLACE, AND WHERE THE POOR
ARE SHELTERED, THE HUNGRY FED
. . . . SOMEPLACE WHERE EVEN
ORPHANS HAVE FRIENDS, AND
WHERE SANTA CLAUS IS FAT
AND RICH SO HE CAN GIVE BOYS

YAWWWWW



No one, not even a fat,
jolly Santa,
could grant such a giant wish.
"Ho hum," thought Joy,
"it's hopeless."
And so, overcome by fatigue,
the lad allowed himself
to fall instantly asleep.

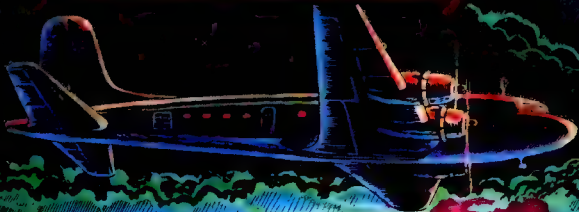
But the jolly old Santa
smiled with his eyes.
He lifted the boy
to his bony shoulders
and, with the last of his strength,
set out across the snow.

So he reached an air-
port.

SURE WE CAN
TRANSFER YOUR VISA
TO HIM. AND THE PLANE
WILL MAKE IT IN 15
HOURS BUT

NEVER MIND
JUST SO HE'S THERE
BY CHRISTMAS
MORNING..

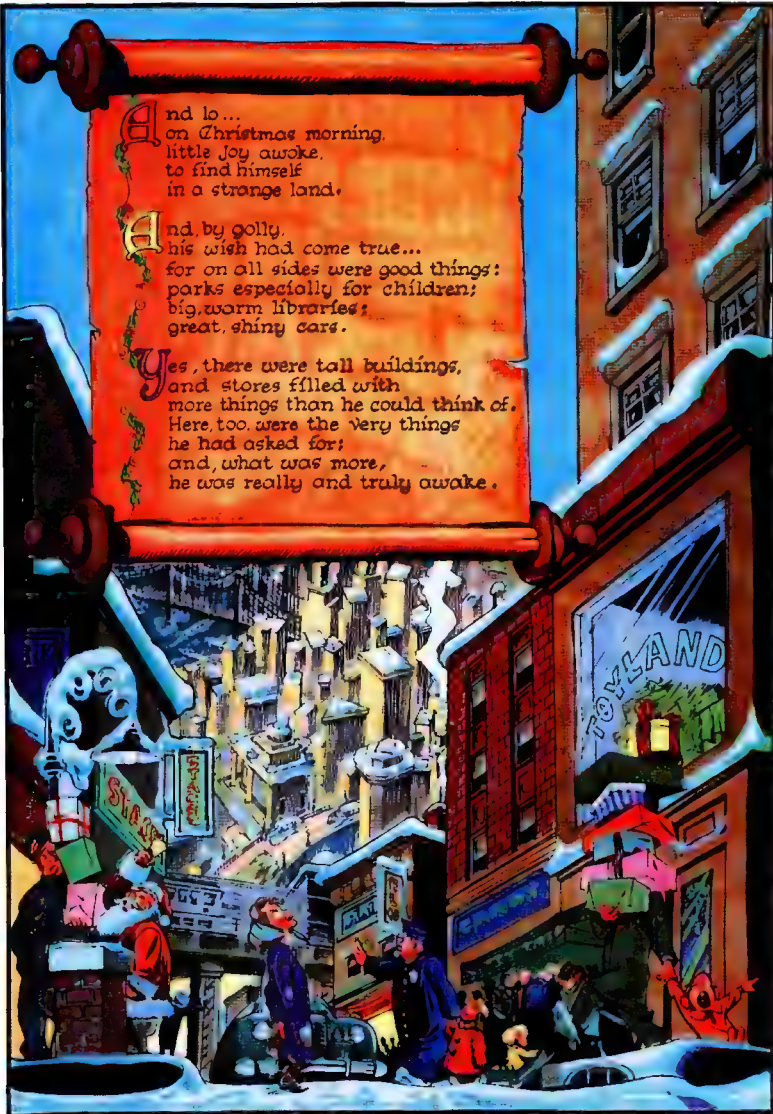
And so, while Joy slept,
the night plane carried him away.



And lo...
on Christmas morning,
little Joy awoke,
to find himself
in a strange land.

And, by golly,
his wish had come true...
for on all sides were good things:
parks especially for children;
big, warm libraries;
great, shiny cars.

Yes, there were tall buildings,
and stores filled with
more things than he could think of.
Here, too, were the very things
he had asked for;
and, what was more,
he was really and truly awake.



All that day Joy explored
this fairylond.
Oh, the wonderful things he found...
1 little stores that sold only candy;
great stores, with sections
just for children;
churches where one could sit
and listen to the music unmolested;
elevators,
and warm public buildings
with plumbing that was magical.

Nowhere to be seen
were there ruins,
and no soldiers chased him;
nor did he have to steal,
for there was plenty for all,
and at every street corner
a Santa Claus collected gifts...
Real Santas,
and not a skinny one in the lot.

By evening
he had reached the suburbs;
he must ask ...he must...
it was too good to be true...

WHAT COUNTRY?
WHY, THIS IS
U. S. AMERICA, BOY!
C'MON IN AND HAVE
YO'SELF A TIME...
IT'S 1946!!

WHERE IS THIS
PLACE... WHAT COUNTRY
IS THIS, PLEASE?



A Merry Christmas.

OH, THANK YOU
JUST THE SAME,
BUT I'VE ALREADY
HAD MINE.

STEPHEN BOYD
alias
BENNY BOYD

CRACKER BARREL

3RD OFFENDER:
23 INDICTMENTS
KNOWN GANG LEADER

RABBIT CHAR
alias
BRIAR PATCH
alias
RABBIT

3 CONVICTIONS : 2 YEARS IN
OHIO STATE, 5 YEARS IN
PANAMA DETENTION, 3 YEARS
IN TEXAS.
LARRY
FIRST-ARMED
CENTRAL CITY BANK.
SENTENCED TO 10 YEARS
PRISON RECORD

PRISON RECORD:
MOROSE, SHIFTY, BAD CONDUCT

**ANNOUNCING A NEW MAGAZINE
FROM WARREN PUBLISHING**


FEATURING THE GREATEST COMIC CHARACTER EVER CREATED

WILL EISNER'S

THE SPIRIT

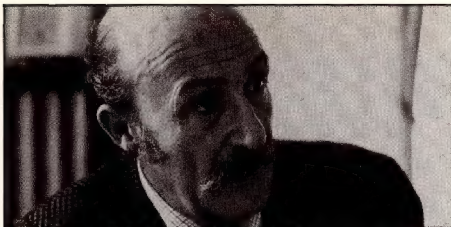
8
BIG
STORIES
72 GIANT
PAGES

WITH BEAUTIFUL FULL-COLOR ART
**BY WILL EISNER
AND RICH CORBEN**
TODAY'S COMIC MAGAZINE MASTERS



Denny Colt, a private eye, is killed by the underworld. Out of his grave rises **THE SPIRIT**, mysterious, masked defender of justice. With a secret headquarters under his tombstone in Wildwood Cemetery, **THE SPIRIT** battles the weirdest assortment of crooks, con men and freaks over to swarm into Central City. Meet three escaped convicts, **Sonny Wortzik**, **Cracker Barrel** and **Jack Rabbit**. See cartoonists **Al Sippo** and **Hector Ghoul**, **El Muerto**, a centuries-old ghost, **Ellen**, **P.Gell**, **Casanova**, **Officer Klunk**. Eight big stories with **The Spirit**. All by **WILL EISNER**!

**FIRST ISSUE
ON SALE JANUARY 29**



WILL EISNER ARTIST, WRITER, RENAISSANCE MAN

Years from now, when all of us are **no more**, and the world has been inherited by our children, an archeologist is going to unearth the work of a renaissance man of the twentieth century. A genius of art, invention, storytelling.

The future world will be enlightened by that work and will see how life **really** was in this century. **Not** how history books will portray it. They will see the average man... his hopes, dreams, life ambitions. They will look into the simplistic mind of twentieth century man and see how he loved, lived, worked, schemed and died. And it will quite possibly be the most accurate chronicle of the people, life and times in which we presently live.

That unearthed work could well be the very magazine you are reading right now... the work of the new renaissance man, **Will Eisner**.

Like most geniuses, **Will** has not come to full recognition in his own time. To speak of him and his work to a reader of comic books or to a creator of them, is to speak solely in superlatives. But the people who involve themselves with comics are relatively few, compared to the masses who never read beyond **Peanuts** and **Blondie** in their daily newspapers... the masses who could actually come to better understand their fellow man by observing how **Will Eisner** portrays him.

Will is far more than a teller of comic book stories. He has no college degrees, yet he is quite possible the only practicing sociologist/psy-

chologist to ever analyze man and his environment in the comic media. His stories may have a twist of the bizarre or supernatural, but they are always accurate in portraying the world as it is... not how a comic book writer wants it to be. They are stories of **little people**. Not heroes, statesmen or gods.

The ten stories in this special edition of **THE SPIRIT**, as well as most of **Will's** stories, were conceived, written and drawn over thirty years ago. They all feature to a greater or lesser degree, the heroic masked crime fighter that **Will** used as an excuse for his object lessons in human motivation. Yet as old as the stories are, they are as accurate in depicting man today as when they were originally published. And as enjoyable. They illustrate in an overly-dramatic way, that man has not changed much at all in the past three turmoil-filled decades.

Analyzers of **Will's** work have expounded volumes on his artistic creativity. He has invented techniques for the comic story that have been stolen again and again by the comic "creators" that have followed him, until they have become industry-wide standards. To elaborate further on **Will's** inventiveness is folly. His own work speaks better than someone else's written words. His artistic abilities, story-telling talents and analytical mind have all combined to give the world a renaissance man. Possibly the first since **Leonardo Da Vinci**. And that's saying a mouthful for any man in the comics industry.

Bill DuBay
Editor

DON'T MISS AN ISSUE



OF WARREN'S FEARSOME FOURSOME!



*"I Can't Believe I fell
for a DREG!"*